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FOLLOW MARTYRDOM

"But the Fools, the Fools, the Fools—they have left us our Fenian dead. And while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree will never be at peace."

Patrick Pearse's famous funeral oration is the curse and the glory of Irish nationalism. In his hunger strike for political-prisoner status, Bobby Sands tried, with extraordinary determination, to evoke the same impulses in the breasts of his countrymen. The fact remains that he did so in the name of a discredited organization. Having for years, and understandably, refused to test its strength at the polls, the Provisional I.R.A. now appears to have a martyr who is also a fully qualified Member of Paliament. The irony is in every sense unintentional.

Sands's supporters ran him as a candidate for prisoners' rights. His family succeeded in involving the European Human Rights Commission in his case. In both instances, Sands himself refused to recognize jurisdiction. He openly regarded the British House of Commons as a puppet of imperialism, and he sent the human rights investigators away without a word. So those regarding his case as more humanitarian than political have picked the wrong man.

Only if this is borne clearly in mind can British policy be seen for the folly that it is. The last Tory Government *conceded* political-prisoner status to Republican (and, let it not be forgotten, to ultra-Protestant) gunmen—only to take it capriciously away. The present one has been crass about offers of mediation from the Republic of Ireland, American Senators and elsewhere. As a result, Britain's armed forces have become, in the eyes of Catholics, a reinforcement for Protestant supremacy. As long as that remains the case, there will always be men like Bobby Sands able to command more support than their real opinions ever could.

MITTERRAND'S COMEBACK
Daniel Singer

MURDER OF A TOWN
Jaime Nissen

CARNEGIE GOES TO WAR
Seymour Melman

FAILED ARAB RADICALISM
Fouad Ajami

'THE TERROR NETWORK'
Aryeh Neier

LETTERS FROM PAPA
Bernard Oldsey

SECURITY AND TERRORISM

OPENING DAY AT THE SUB-COMMITTEE

ROBERT SHERRILL

Max Ascoli was in many ways a progressive, humane publisher. But when it came to foreign policy, he was unrelentingly, sometimes grotesquely, a cold warrier. He finally became convinced that liberals were hopelessly soft on Communism and beyond redemption. So, in the late 1960s, overcome by bitterness, he stopped publishing *The Reporter*. He refused to sell it for fear that it would fall into the hands of some publisher not sufficiently anti-Communist. He just killed it.

But that wasn't the end of it. *The Reporter*'s anti-Communist ghost is still around and active in some influential places. Two of the magazine's notable alumni—Meg Greenfield, editor of *The Washington Post*'s editorial page, and Claire Sterling, a foreign correspondent who frequently contributes to *The Post*'s editorial page—helped launch the new Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism (S.S.T.).

On April 24, the day of the S.S.T.'s premier hearing, *The Post* editorialized that although legislative probes have "rarely . . . been effective in uncovering spies and traitors," the fact remains that "the threat posed today to American society both by foreign agents . . . and by internationally connected terrorist groups remains genuine and serious." What foreign agents in American society? What internationally connected terrorists in American society? The S.S.T. hearing produced no evidence that such creatures exist.

The only witness to claim that they do exist was Arnaud de Borchgrave, former *Newsweek* correspondent and now best known as a fiction

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LETTERS.

LILCO PROTESTS

Mineola, N.Y.

Susan Jaffe's recent article ["Legal Showdown at Shoreham," *The Nation*, March 21], that concerned antinuclear demonstrations at Long Island Lighting Company's Shoreham Nuclear Power Plant was one-sided, biased and riddled with error. . . .

Contrary to Jaffe's claims, the truth is that Lilco has never sought, nor is it now seeking, an injunction that would prohibit all demonstrations near the Shoreham plant. Lilco's requested injunction would ban people only from blocking access to the plant or damaging Lilco property. As far as we are concerned, people can demonstrate all they want, so long as they don't interfere with access to and from the plant. In September 1980, protesters attempted to blockade the plant's entrances by sitting down in front of the gates. Their announced intention was to prevent construction workers from entering or leaving the plant. The blockade attempt failed, but it is this kind of clearly illegal action that we are trying to prevent in the future.

Lilco has never asked, nor would we dream of asking, for any blanket order that would prohibit peaceful, legal demonstrations near the plant. Many such assemblies have been held in the past, without any interference by Lilco. Indeed, Jaffe herself covered antinuclear rallies in 1979 and 1980 that were held on a public beach adjacent to the Shoreham property. She knows full well that Lilco did not in any way attempt to inhibit these rallies.

This is neither a civil liberties nor First Amendment issue as Jaffe contended. The First Amendment does not confer on any person the right to blockade the property of another person, or to damage that property. These are the concerns addressed in Lilco's injunction request.

Jan K. Hickman
Sr. Media Information Rep., Lilco

JAFFE REPLIES

New York City

Will the SHAD Alliance (Sound and Hudson against Atomic Development) and other concerned New Yorkers be reassured that Lilco is not attempting to restrict their civil liberties? It is a welcome surprise to hear any reaction at all, let alone such an assertion, after Lilco and its attorneys have been consistently unresponsive and uneooperative on this matter, refusing to answer questions, issue press releases, or supply public documents (fortunately, such documents are in the public domain).

Jan Hickman and I agree that there is no constitutional right to interfere with the peaceful use of private property. The SHAD Alliance is not claiming a legal right to trespass, nor have I argued so. Nonviolent civil disobedience, in the tradition of Gandhi, Thoreau and King, means breaking the law, with or without injunctions. In fact, SHAD's demonstration handbooks have prepared protesters for civil disobedience: violating the law, risking arrest and suffering the penalties in order to prevent or call attention to what they consider is a greater harm or injustice to the public than their breaking the law. That Lilco's customers resorted to civil disobedience (no easy decision) indicates that a high level of frustration concerning the utility exists and will continue to be expressed. Lilco doesn't need an injunction to stop civil disobedience because an injunction clearly won't stop it.

The requested injunction is aimed at something else, which Hickman doesn't deny. Lilco wants to prohibit illegal protests (a redundancy in any event) as well as bar people from—to quote from the temporary injunction—"in *any other way* interfering with the peaceful use by plaintiff Lilco . . . of the Shoreham property. . . ." (Emphasis added.) The order applied to "all persons aiding or abetting or in concert or participation with them the defendants. . . ." Lilco must have been disappointed when the prohibition was restricted to Shoreham property only; originally Lilco asked that demonstrators keep off "*any public* roads leading to the Shoreham property. . . ." (Emphasis added.) This request was denied once in court, but Lilco may bring it up again in the current proceedings.

In a court order, these broad warnings might intimidate *legal* demonstrators who could be mistaken for civil disobedients. Antinuclear demonstrations at Shoreham have contained both legal and illegal components to accommodate the range of feelings against Lilco and the personal politics of the participants. They have been organized, however, in the same office and publicized in the same leaflets and posters. Armed with its new injunction, will Lilco distinguish between the two?

Lilco doesn't need to ask for or even "dream" about, as Hickman writes, "a blanket order" against all demonstrations. Indeed, one SHAD member named in the suit has never even attended a Shoreham demonstration. The single order now sought, vague as it is, coupled with a $2 million damage suit against demonstrators, could achieve the "blanket" effect de facto, without raising those troublesome constitutional problems. People who are willing to risk arrest will face the consequences of their actions. Others interested in *legal* methods of protest, who are probably in the majority on Long Island, might just decide to stay home rather than take their chances figuring out what is supposed to be legal and where. This intimidation and confusion is exactly what Lilco wants. The Shoreham plant becomes more expensive and more difficult to build year after year. Lilco can't afford any more criticism.

Susan Jaffe

CULTURE WAR I

Brookline, Mass.

Like John Friedman, whose editorial, "Culture War II" [*The Nation*, April 18], I found of great interest, I was concerned to read of the rebirth of the old Congress for Cultural Freedom via the new Committee for the Free World. Another dimension of the work of the former congress is worth citing.

Tracing the intellectual as well as ideological origins of what is known as political development theory, a body of literature produced by academic social scientists investigating the process of political change in the Third World, which began to flourish in the late 1950s and early 1960s, I was interested to learn that the congress had played a role in influencing the nature and direction of studies of development and modernization. Through the medium of its international conferences, the congress members expressed a pronounced and not entirely unexpected interest in extending the "struggle for freedom," as Friedman refers to the phraseology of the current committee, to the Third World. The result was intended not only to awaken Third World intellectuals and political leaders to the dangers of Communism—which for most was more foreign than the dangers of imperialism practiced by Western powers—but to impress upon scholars of so-called "traditional" societies the need to organize their studies in a manner compatible with cold-war interests.

The effects were disastrous. Without giving the congress all the credit for distorting studies of the Third World, there is no doubt that their reinforcement of the tendency to evaluate developments in the Third World exclusively in terms of the cold war helped to further the myopic vision which has come back to haunt Americans since.

Irene L. Gendzier

ANTI-RUSSIAN FICTION

Flushing, N.Y.

It seems to me that some of our most prestigious publishing houses are engaged in heating up the cold war through the issuance of novel after novel in which the Soviet Union is depicted as the arch-terrorist of the world, ready to launch a first strike on an ill-prepared, trusting, duped United States. Or else the portrayal of life in the Soviet Union is one in which robots are moved about by evil men intent upon manipulating them for their own nefarious, selfish purposes.

Robert Lekachman's review of *Gorky Park* by Martin Cruz Smith is a case in point ["A Wicked World, East and West," *The Nation*, April 4]. The reviewer, an economics professor no less, finds much to admire in this novel based on Smith's two-week stay in Moscow to get "the feel" of the

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EDITORIALS.

Clash of Symbols

The Reagan foreign policy, if something so wavering can be called a policy, consists of one bold step forward, one to each side and a hesitant step backward. This dance step is done to the tune of a stirring march, loud with bugles and fierce battle cries. No wonder friend and foe alike don't know what to make of it. Furthermore, it is being dreamed up all over the lot and shouted from several housetops. Not only is Cap Weinberger's Pentagon competing hotly with Vicar Haig's State Department but we now have the extraordinary spectacle of the Republican Senate demanding an "input" into the formulation of policies which, constitutionally, belong in the domain of the President.

Nowhere is this highly organized confusion more apparent than in the matter of the Reagan "decision" to sell Saudi Arabia five spy-and-command planes called Awacs and in the gyrations of the subsequent backtracking. The Awacs sale to the Saudis is a terrible idea whose time came back in the Carter days, in 1978. Characteristically, it was then hedged with all kinds of qualifications and cautious maneuverings among bureaucratic factions at home and the rulers of the Middle East.

As embraced by the Reaganites, however, the deal quickly became something else again. It was no longer just an act of appeasement to the West's largest oil supplier, a country long on cash and embarrassingly short on strength. It was portrayed as a Portent and as a Warning to the Infidels to Keep Out. Of course the Reaganites were thinking of *our* infidels (the Russians), not the infidels the Saudis had in mind (the Israelis).

So two sets of symbols were working at cross-purposes.

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They clashed with particular force in Congress, where dislike of the U.S.S.R. is matched only by devotion to the state of Israel and its politically potent supporters. So from that body there marched over to the White House the Senate majority leader, Howard Baker, to tell Reagan he'd have to start all over on the Awacs deal. That meant this summer or autumn and a long trail awinding into the land of the Pentagon's dreams.

Perhaps we should take some comfort from the Reaganauts' frustration, but it would be foolish to take much. Behind the temporarily grounded Awacs lurks the Rapid Deployment Force in its manifold disguises. All the miracle workers of the Administration have to do, once they get their act together, is persuade the Arabs that the real enemy is not the Israelis at their doorstep but the Communists across the steppes. Then we can put an American military "presence" there, armed to the teeth. Meanwhile, the new dose of arms to the Saudis, followed by a compensatory dose to the Israelis, will only lower the flash point of conflagration in the Middle East.

Retarded Rights

It would seem that the President and the Congress are intent on repealing most of the laws protecting civil liberties that were enacted during the last two decades. The Voting Rights Act, the Legal Services Corporation Act, the Freedom of Information Act and the laws promoting equal employment opportunity are only some that they threaten to eliminate or to water down. A recent Supreme Court decision makes us wonder why they would go to all the trouble.

We have in mind the Court's decision on April 20 in the case of *Pennhurst* v. *Halderman*. The question was whether mentally retarded persons receiving assistance under the Federal Developmentally Disabled Assistance and Bill of Rights Act of 1975 (known as the D.D. Act) are entitled to the protection of a "bill of rights" provision in the act. This section requires that care for the retarded "should be provided in the setting that is least restrictive of the person's liberty" and that "the Federal Government and the States both have an obligation to assure that public funds are not provided to any institution . . . that (A) does not provide treatment, services, and habilitation which are not appropriate to the needs of such person; or (B) does not meet the following minimum standards. . . ."

Applying these provisions, a United States Court of Appeals required the state of Pennsylvania, which receives D.D. Act funds, to provide the inmates of Pennhurst, a giant warehouse where the retarded are confined in conditions the Court found to be "abominable," with competent professional assessment of their needs for care. Those who would benefit from living outside the institution must be provided living arrangements in the community, the Court said, with confinement in Pennhurst reserved for those who can be better served in an institution.

The Supreme Court, in an opinion written by Justice William Rehnquist, reversed the decision of the Court of Appeals. On what grounds? The bill of rights provisions of the D.D. Act, according to Rehnquist, "were intended to be hortatory, not mandatory," though he cited nothing in the law or in the legislative history to that effect. Rehnquist also wrote that when Congress adopted the D.D. Act's bill of rights, it did not "speak so clearly that we can fairly say that the State could make an informed choice" in accepting Federal funds.

And so Rehnquist and his brethren (Burger, Stewart, Powell and Stevens joined in the opinion; Blackmun concurred in the judgment but not in the reasoning; White, Brennan and Marshall dissented) have effectively repealed the bill of rights of the D.D. Act. If those who suffer because of this decision had political muscle, there would be a storm of outraged protest. The retarded are politically impotent, however. They ought to be able to rely on the courts to vindicate rights they cannot adequately protect in the political process. Instead, under the malign leadership of William Rehnquist, the courts have stolen a march on Ronald Reagan, Jesse Helms, Henry Hyde, et al., by nullifying a law designed to protect the weakest among us.

A Week That Was

Spring came to Washington with a vengeance the other week, and amid the blossoming of the dogwood and the azaleas some of the wildflowers of the New Right began to show their colors as well. The question at week's end was whether these exotic flowers could be contained in the carefully cultivated garden the Reagan Administration seems to have in mind. In the past the glare of publicity has been known to produce growth that is difficult to control.

The tone was set on April 21 with the appearance of that well-known expert on working women, Phyllis Schlafly, before the Senate Labor Committee. Although a hardy perennial in right-wing pastures, Schlafly is seldom displayed on such a privileged platform. Her message was that "sexual harassment is not a problem for the virtuous woman, except in the rarest of cases. . . . Men hardly ever ask sexual favors of women from whom the certain answer is 'no.'" Or, as one might say, men seldom make a pass at ladies with class.

Senator John East held a one-man hearing with some handpicked antiabortion scientists to determine when life begins. And the Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism also heard its first witnesses, along with chairman Jeremiah Denton's jeremiads about the press [see Robert Sherrill's cover article].

And then there was the revealing rise and fall of Warren Richardson, who was nominated to be assistant secretary of the Department of Human Services but who withdrew under fire because of his four years as general counsel of Liberty Lobby, a racist, anti-Semitic, right-wing pressure group. Startling as it was, somehow Richardson's nomination was less striking than the defense of it. Richardson himself, with disarming candor if not the stiff-backed integrity for which

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conservatives would like to be known, admitted that he soon realized Liberty Lobby was "anti-Jewish and racist" but kept the job because he needed the money. More disturbing was the excuse offered by Secretary Richard Schweiker's assistant at Human Services, David Newhall, who accepted responsibility for Richardson's nomination: "I should have been familiar with Liberty Lobby," Newhall stated, "but I confused it with something called the Liberty Amendment, which wants to declare the income tax unconstitutional." In other words, Richardson seemed like a perfectly respectable right-wing nut rather than one with a particular grudge against Jews and blacks. Newhall's confusion reveals the trouble with this Administration: it's hard to tell where the mainstream ends and the fringes begin.

The political climate in Washington these days was captured by an eminent historian:

> Twenty years ago the dynamic force in American politics came from the side of liberal dissent, from the impulse to reform the inequities of our economic and social system. What most liberals now hope for is not to carry on with some ambitious new program, but simply to defend as much as possible of the old achievements and try to keep traditional liberties of expression that are threatened.

That was Richard Hofstadter, writing about McCarthyism in 1954, but his description fits once again.

JOHN S. ROSENBERG

John S. Rosenberg, a historian, is executive director of The Nation Institute.

White's Papers

Unceremoniously removed from the State Department in February, former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Robert White has made good on his pledge to "go public" with explosive information related to U.S. policy there. In a three-hour session with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 9, White presented evidence that the murder of Archbishop Oscar Romero, in March 1980, was the work of a group of right-wing Salvadoran assassins. The evidence was contained in documents captured almost a year ago from former Army Maj. Roberto D'Aubuisson.

The Administration had access to these materials, the ex-ambassador said, in preparing its white paper on El Salvador. They were handed to him close to a year ago by Col. Adolfo Arnaldo Majano, a moderate military officer forced off the Salvadoran junta last December, and duly forwarded to Washington through State Department channels. According to White and "three of the most skilled political analysts" he knew in El Salvador, the materials provided "compelling if not 100 percent conclusive evidence that D'Aubuisson and his group were responsible for the murder of Archbishop Romero."

A handwritten entry in a diary that was found among D'Aubuisson's papers, details, under the code name "Operacion Pina," the accouterments of assassination: one sharpshooter, automatic pistols, a telescopic sight, a driver and four security men. Alongside the list are the names of eleven prominent Salvadoran businessmen who live in exile in Miami and Guatemala City and who, White charged, finance the hit squads sowing terror inside El Salvador.

A chilling, if banal, portrait of right-wing violence emerges from an expense account, which lists Uzi submachine guns, flak jackets, safe-houses and magnum pistols along with ham and cheese sandwiches and dinners for two. One can only speculate as to the purpose of the trips to Panama and Guatemala City mentioned, or the plots launched at meetings of the Frente Amplio Nacional, a right-wing group headed by D'Aubuisson himself and Salvadoran landowner Alfredo Mena Lagos. But some of the notations are highly suggestive: Salvadoran Attorney General for the Poor Mario Zamora was assassinated on February 23, 1980. One week before, a notebook entry lists two men, one driver, three bodyguards and a G-2 rifle and pistol with silencers. As it happens, Zamora's murder was carried out with silencer-equipped weapons. He was shot in the bathtub during a family party in his own home.

Most likely, the D'Aubuisson documents would not have seen the light of day were it not for White's committed opposition to Reagan Administration policy in El Salvador. They were certainly not mentioned in the white paper. Charging that smears against the Catholic Church were no more than attempts to "find excuses for some of the most brutal security forces in the world," White also speculated that he was removed because his reports and perceptions contradicted Reagan's "ready-made plan to send in military equipment and advisers," a decision made even before the new President took office. White also challenged intelligence reports he had received as ambassador which asserted that troops had landed in El Salvador from Nicaraguan soil. These reports cost Nicaragua its remaining U.S. economic aid. Now, says White, he is "skeptical of the reality" of that landing.

White's declarations before the Senate were largely ignored by the press, which was unfortunate, considering the important information he revealed. As public opposition to the U.S. role in El Salvador's blood bath mounts, such dissenting views deserve even wider circulation. Far more than a deposed diplomat's bellyaching, White's testimony fundamentally challenges current wisdom that Soviet-backed Marxists are the source of El Salvador's ills.

CYNTHIA ARNSON

Cynthia Arnson is an associate of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C.

COMING UP

An Exchange on: Left-Wing McCarthyism; Jeane, Evron and Lyman Kirkpatrick; Political Scientists and Power, and Other Matters

Theodore J. Lowi and Alan Wolfe

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Mitterrand Redux

Paris

Mitterrand can make it. He is, undoubtedly, the winner of the first round in the French presidential election. With 26 percent of the votes cast he has done better than any Socialist since the war. If you add the 2.2 percent of the vote won by the Radical, Michel Crépeau, whose party is normally amalgamated with the Socialists, François Mitterrand just overtakes Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (28 percent) and leaves his Communist rival, Georges Marchais, well behind.

The first ballot does not predetermine the second, runoff elections on May 10. While the upheaval within the French left is tremendous, the switch from right to left is small. The combined total of the left in the April 26 election was just over 47 percent, which is only 1 percent higher than it was in the last presidential poll, in 1974. The total for the right dropped from 52 to 49 percent, with the difference being made up by the "Green" or Ecologist Movement, whose candidate, Brice Lalonde, polled 4 percent. The swing may be limited, but the narrow gap separating the two main contenders means that a victory for Mitterrand is arithmetically possible. This arithmetic, however, still must be converted into political fact.

Mitterrand's gain is Marchais's loss. Indeed, the dramatic setback of the French Communist Party is the highlight of this election. With only 15.5 percent of the total vote, the Communists have regressed to their electoral share in 1936. Since World War II, they had held about a quarter of the French electorate, although when de Gaulle seized power in 1958, he temporarily lowered their total to 19 percent. But they gradually climbed back to above one-fifth of the vote. Now, they have collapsed spectacularly, losing over a quarter of their accustomed electorate in one go.

Some of the loss is undoubtedly due to the nature of the presidential poll and to the wish of the electorate to "vote usefully," as the French say. Yet this merely points to the heart of the matter. Georges Marchais is now paying a price for a combination of things, for Afghanistan and the party's position toward Russia, for its scandalous policy toward the immigrants and, above all, for the collapse of the left-wing alliance. For some fifteen years, between 1962 and 1977, Communist Party members were told that the victory of the united left would solve everything. Then when there was a sudden switch away from this strategy, they were left bewildered. Their leaders claimed that only the intellectuals were upset, but a glance at the electoral map shows that this was not the case. The Communist vote has slumped in the working-class district of the capital, and in the industrial "red belt" around Paris. Apparently, many Communists voted for Mitterrand on the first ballot.

In the long, or even the medium run, Marchais may pay for this defeat with the loss of his job as party secretary. For the time being, the immediate consequences of his setback are twofold. The Communist pressure on Mitterrand loses a great deal of its weight. So does the chief weapon in Giscard d'Estaing's arsenal, namely the charge that Mitterrand is the stooge of the Communists.

How does the right emerge from this confrontation? Giscard d'Estaing's performance is assessed in contrasting fashion. His sympathizers emphasize the fact that, despite the wear and tear of office during a period of economic crisis, he has come out on top. The critics point out that, despite the prerogatives of office and his power over the media and the bureaucracy, he has lost five percentage points since his first run. In any case he has failed to crush his conservative rival.

Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist, has done badly in the light of the high expectations he raised; he had managed to persuade some journalists, including American correspondents, that he would overtake Mitterrand. Actually, his 18 percent total represents a respectable showing and, allowing for two minor candidates, the Gaullist vote still makes up more than one-fifth of the total. Only it should not be called Gaullist any longer. Chirac has his own constituency of farmers, shopkeepers and small industrialists.

On April 27, Chirac, who may still fancy himself as a potential redeemer of the right, announced that he himself would vote for Giscard d'Estaing, but that neither he nor his companions would campaign for him. Quite a number of his followers are expected to switch to Mitterrand. The obvious unknown is whether these Gaullist switchers will be nullified by Communist abstainers.

The outlines of the runoff campaign are very clear. Giscard d'Estaing, despite the Communist setback, will concentrate on the dangers of collectivism, the Red Peril and the road to serfdom. Mitterrand will stress his opponent's record and the need for change. At the moment, the odds are very slightly in his favor and yet, paradoxically, the Bourse remains fairly quiet. Are the financial powers still convinced that Giscard d'Estaing cannot lose?

There may be deeper reasons for their apparent unconcern. The left may not frighten its enemies because it does not inspire its followers either. After the great political upheaval of May 1968, when Frenchmen had a glimpse of a different future, the established parties on the left had to do something to recapture the allegiance of their supporters. Political unity and a common program were invented for this purpose. Millions of left-wingers were convinced that electoral victory would not only alter the political landscape but that it would basically change their own lives. Such hopes and illusions have by now vanished.

Skepticism over Mitterrand's chances is probably linked with the belief that the left cannot win unless it is carried by a popular movement, that it can only gain power by showing cohesion, conviction and drive. But seizing power is quite a different matter, and in this electoral context the question finally comes down to whether the left can tiptoe into office. If Frenchmen really vote against, the left may have victory thrust upon it. In any case, Giscard d'Estaing will use the time between elections to frighten and Mitterrand to mobilize.

DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is a freelance writer born in Poland and based in Paris. He is the author of the recently published The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

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LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 554*)

country, a country which spans one-sixth of the earth's surface. According to Lekachman and Smith, life in the Soviet Union is apparently a replica of the police states of Argentina, South Africa, Chile and other buddies of "the free world."

Gorky Park, obviously promoted in a well-financed campaign, can now join the following: *First Strike* and *Free Flight*, both by Douglas Terman, in the first of which the U.S.S.R. launches a surprise nuclear attack, and in the second wins such a war; *The Hill of Summer* by Allen Drury, in which an intensely wicked Soviet Union deceives a brave, noble, freedom-loving United States, made weak by concessions to the U.S.S.R.; David Grant's *Moscow 5,000,* in which Ukrainian dissidents blow up Lenin Stadium during the Olympics; and, to select the latest, *The Terror Network: The Secret War of International Terrorism* by Claire Sterling, which "proves" that "Russia is the source of weapons and training of international terrorists."

Literature can mold ideas, just as well as teachers of economics, for example, can. I believe it is cynical, dishonest and dangerous to allow these kinds of novels to be published and to be praised as they most often are.

I also think that Professor Lekachman's view of the Soviet world is as cockeyed as his obiter dicta remarks about the Soviet Union in his review most certainly are.

Leonard Boyer

LEKACHMAN REPLIES

Bronx, N.Y.

As my review should have made clear even to those who read below grade level, *Gorky Park* is essentially a novel whose plot revolves around police procedures in the two superpowers. Neither its author nor I dealt with first strikes, the cold war or international terrorism. Mr. Boyer is welcome to his apparent belief that the Soviet Union is not a repressive society. A good deal of evidence from people who spent a good while longer than Smith in the Soviet Union attests to the contrary.

Robert Lekachman

'NO' IN THUNDER

Albany, N.Y.

Nothing more clearly underlines the nearly complete capitulation by American progressives than the 88 to 10 vote in the U.S. Senate in favor of the Reagan economic program. Even as they criticized that program, most Democratic Senators paid it their highest compliment—a "yes" vote. We perceive that the same tactic applies not only to the cutbacks of the domestic portion of the program but also to the increases for war funding. . . .

According to history, great protests of the past have been fired, usually, by deprivation among masses of people. Today, deprivation caused by costly arms production is not so apparent to the populace that they will massively protest the arms buildup. They do not visualize the horrors of death and pain of survival following a nuclear attack. . . .

So it remains for individual leaders, who do face the danger, to utter the protest. We in America have as a precedent the abolition movement of the last century. It was one of leadership rather than of mobs. Those of us who work actively for arms reduction and social causes know that leadership can come from the national organizations to which we belong. Yet too many of these groups were founded and funded for a particular purpose, rather than to address the full range of our problems.

Still, we from the grass roots call upon leaders of our national groups to cooperate, if they cannot merge, and to supplement their specialized concerns by participating in a central and ongoing forum. A unified voice is needed, thunderous in dissent to counter the dominant propaganda of the present ruling establishment.

At the local level, some of us peace workers are trying to coordinate our groups. We are succeeding, but slowly. Were the national groups to join in mustering us to meet today's crucial situation, our effort would gain momentum and might prevail.

John G. Dow
Former Member of Congress

EMENDATIONS

In Ernest J. Sternglass's editorial ["T.M.I. Update," April 25], the references to rising infant mortality rates after the installation of nuclear reactors at Three Mile Island and Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania, applied to the entire state of Maryland, not just the city of Baltimore.

Keep Those Letters Coming, But Keep Them Short, Please.

ARTICLES.

NIGHT VISITORS

The Murder of a Guatemalan Town

JAIME NISSEN

I first visited San Juan Comalapa, a highland Mayan town in Chimaltenango Province about thirty-five miles from Guatemala City, in March 1976, shortly after the calamitous earthquake that left the church a hollow shell, flattened nearly every other plaster and adobe structure in the town and killed more than a fifth of its approximately 12,000 inhabitants. The survivors were milling about in the park, disoriented; winds lifted clouds of dust from the rubble and scattered it over the surrounding cornfields, or *milpas*. Comalapa seemed a ghost town whose inhabitants had been abandoned by their houses.

The Comalapans are a resilient people, however, hard-working descendents of Cakchiquel chieftains, with a passion for self-improvement and a tradition of rebelliousness against harsh authority. Within days of the earthquake, mass marriages of young people were held among the church ruins, "to recover the departed," as the relatives explained. Local folk artists evoked on their coarse canvases scenes of devastation as well as the early work of reconstruction, which was aided by volunteers from Florence, Italy. The twice-weekly market was soon crowded again and popular as ever, for Comalapans pride themselves on their sturdy corn harvests and fresh produce. The two agricultural cooperatives got back on their feet with government support, and two others, an association of the town's weaving women and a credit and loan cooperative, pros-

Jaime Nissen is the pseudonym of a Central American writer.

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pered with the help of the U.S. Peace Corps and the Alliance for Progress.

Last February I revisited Comalapa after a lapse of five years. I found a ghost town once again. At 5 in the afternoon the streets were deserted; the forlorn church ruins faced an empty park as swirls of dust blew over the rooftops and the idle *milpas*. This time Comalapa had been struck by a man-made calamity—a wave of brutal, Government-directed violence that had already killed at least fifty Comalapans in six months, and left most of the townspeople paralyzed with fear.

About one year ago, handbills of the Peasant Unity Committee (C.U.C.), an underground peasant organization, began appearing on the walls and steps of houses. Anti-Government rallies in the park were reportedly led by members of the Guerrilla Army of the Poor (E.G.P.), one of the most militant leftist groups in the country. Within weeks specially trained army units had set up a bivouac south of town, and soon Comalapans began disappearing from their houses. After dark, when the soldiers returned to camp, plainclothes paramilitary squads broke into the homes of suspected guerrilla sympathizers, and their bodies would be found days or weeks later in one of the nearby ravines—castrated, garroted, scorched with blowtorches and often defaced to impede identification. Two mass gravesites were recently uncovered in the vicinity, one containing twenty-six and the other sixteen corpses—both Comalapans and residents of neighboring villages. The new town cemetery, opened after the 1976 earthquake, is overflowing with row upon row of hastily dug graves, most of them without crosses, a few covered with pine needles or wreaths of plastic lilies.

The formerly thriving cooperatives are now padlocked, and their members refuse to show up for fear of being placed on hit lists by informers. The public and Catholic schools are closing down because of a scarcity of teachers, and more and more townspeople are moving away or going into hiding. The town painters no longer open their doors to strangers, and Vicente Curruchiche, whose father, Andrés, received the President's highest civilian medal in 1970 as Guatemala's first primitivist artist, will not travel to Guatemala City to sell his work since the assassination there of a close relative who was a civil rights lawyer. So many Indian mayors and municipal officers have been "disappeared" or killed openly by the army or the guerrillas that local government is at a virtual standstill for lack of volunteer replacements. Not even the relatively well-off Ladinos, or non-Indians, who constitute less than 5 percent of the town's population have been spared; among the recently disappeared is a shopowner's son who is a descendant of Rafael Alvarez Ovalle, composer of the Guatemalan national anthem.

Some of the murders of town officials and government informers have been attributed to the E.G.P. and other underground leftist groups, but all the evidence indicates that by far the largest number of Comalapans, from every social and economic background, are being kidnapped and killed by the Guatemalan Army, under the direct supervision of the Government of President Fernando Romeo Lucas García.

Comalapa is one of perhaps a dozen strategically located towns in the highland provinces of Quiché, Chimaltenango, Huehuetenango and Sololá that have been targeted by counterinsurgency forces as active or potential "nests of subversion," and its leading citizens are being systematically murdered to "root out the infection" before it spreads toward the urban areas. Like its neighbors San Martin Jilotepeque and San José Poaquil, two other targeted towns that were devastated by the earthquake, Comalapa is situated in a geographical corridor linking Quiché and Chimaltenango.

Quiché, Guatemala's largest Indian province, is currently the main focus of insurrectionary activity, provoked by the Government's expropriation of large tracts of peasant land and the evacuation of entire villages that are in the way of an expanded search for petroleum. For the first time, a growing number of peasant farmers in Quiché have been joining underground organizations like the C.U.C. and the E.G.P. After the C.U.C. and E.G.P. leaflets appeared in Comalapa, and two or three rallies were held, the Government evidently determined that the "Communist infection" had spread from the north, and moved in hastily to eradicate it.

A standard army tactic until recently was the forced conscription of an occupied town's young males, aged 16 to 18. They were shipped to special training centers and subjected to brutal discipline designed to break down family and community ties. After the reconditioning was completed, they were uniformed, equipped with automatic weapons and sent back to prey on their fellow townspeople, serving as murderous pawns in the Government's campaign of terror and intimidation. In recent months, however, this strategy began to backfire, so the Government replaced it with a massive publicity campaign for army volunteers. [See Clifford Krauss, "Guatemala's Indian Wars," *The Nation*, March 14.]

Among the first Comalapans to disappear last spring was

EL SALVADOR:
The Roots of Intervention

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a town elder who had headed the post-earthquake reconstruction. Then the corpses of leaders of the farming cooperatives began appearing, tortured and mutilated, in nearby ravines. A second army base was set up north of town and *orejas* (ears), or paid Government informers, began including in their lists any Comalapan who showed the least potential for leadership, or who had been active in civic affairs. Because the army's campaign against the well-trained and well-armed guerrilla forces has met with only haphazard success, and is beset by continuous frustrations, it now seems bent on destroying the insurgents' potential bases, and denying them future manpower. This, as nearly as anyone can tell, is the Government's strategy in scattered highland towns like San Martin, Tecpan, Patzicia, Santiago Atitlan, Uspantan and Joyabaj.

From the beginning, the army's campaign against the citizens of Comalapa has been waged with a cool, calculated brutality that shows signs of escalating into a war of ethnic extermination. The contrast between such a policy and the stated aims of the Salvadoran junta to win the support of the people through agrarian, social and economic reforms is glaringly ironic.

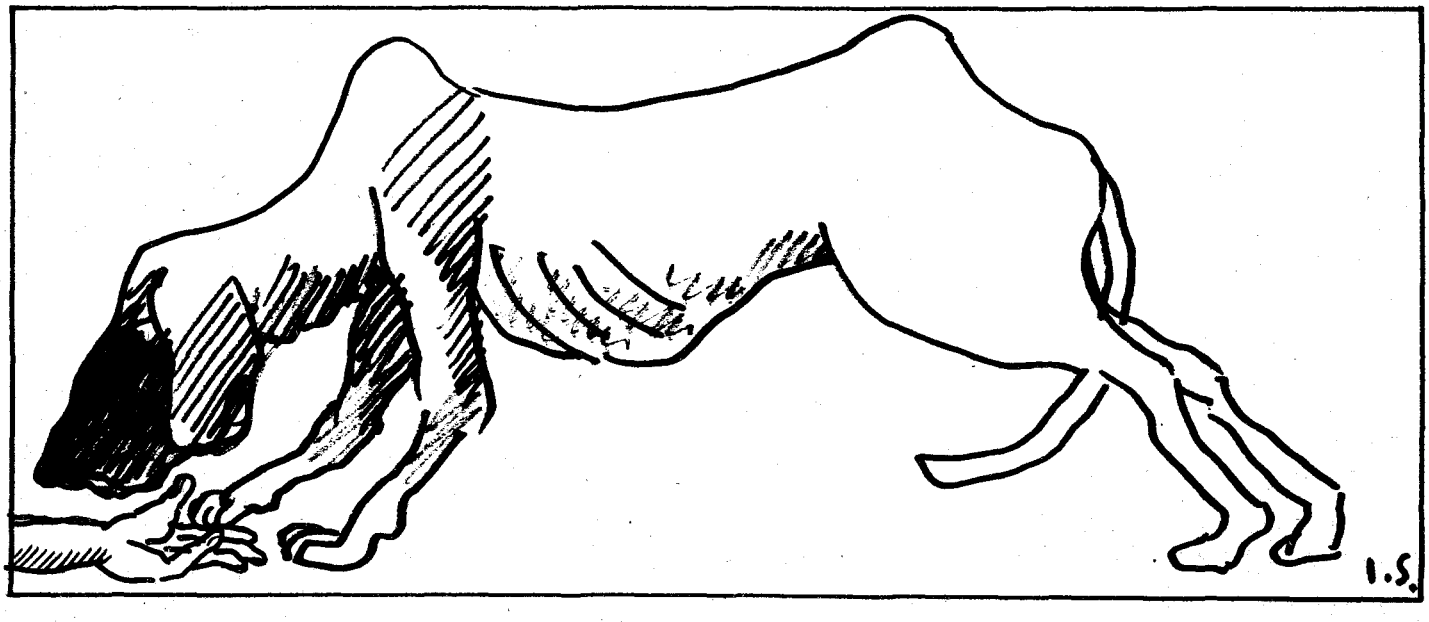
Comalapa, a town of weavers, farmers and painters who wear their hearts on their sleeves, seems at times like a Guatemalan version of García Márquez's Macondo, in his novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, whose Colonel Buendías are running amok, ordering the assassinations not only of their friends and acquaintances but of members of their own families, after their names appear on some informer's list.

During the week I visited Comalapa ten townspeople either disappeared or were assassinated in their own homes, at night, by plainclothes army security men—the so-called death squads. I spoke with the neighbor of one of the disappeared—"Don Carlos," as I shall call him, a tradesman and farmer of about 60. He re-enacted the scene when Doña Rosita, his middle-aged neighbor, was seized by two masked gunmen in her house one evening and dragged away into a waiting car. Her body had not been found.

When I asked Don Carlos about Doña Rosita's possible involvement in town politics, he blinked incredulously. "Doña Rosita? She was a weaver who had joined the cooperative to sell her textiles. I have known Doña Rosita all my life, and I know she had never mixed herself in politics. Some of the ones they killed in the beginning—perhaps yes—they traveled to other towns, and may have had contacts with the guerrillas; or they made an inflammatory speech in the park. But now they are taking anyone who shows up in the lists of the *orejas*. Why was she taken away?" Don Carlos shrugged and shook his head. "Perhaps one of the informers owed her some money, or her son quarreled with another. You have to understand: very few of us in Comalapa involve ourselves with politics. Most of us have never even *seen* a guerrilla . . . please"—he leaned forward and seized my shoulder—"speak to the mayor. Have the town crier declare that we in Comalapa are God-fearing, law-abiding citizens; we are not Communists, we support the Government of President Lucas García. Tell them please, they are making a terrible mistake—"

Don Carlos fled to Guatemala City soon after his neighbor was kidnapped, leaving his wife and daughter behind to tend to the corn harvest. The night after we spoke, the home of another neighboring family of Don Carlos was broken into by masked gunmen, who machine-gunned seven of its members to death, including a three-day-old boy. The explanation I was to hear later from the Ladino town butcher was that the mother had gathered all her savings and gone to one of the army posts in an attempt to buy her kidnapped son-in-law's freedom. The soldiers standing guard refused to let her see the commanding officer, and in frustration she let fly some ripe Comalapan epithets at them, and went home. The following night the death squad arrived and shot her and six of her children, including the newborn son. The father, who was visiting a neighbor, and three daughters who were in the back room all left Comalapa the next day.

An American Peace Corps volunteer who paid a return visit to Comalapa that week reported that his bus was stopped outside the entrance to the army camp, and



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everyone's identification papers—his own included—were checked against a list held by an army officer whose face was covered by a black mask fastened behind the neck, like a medieval helmet. Two of the passengers received hard stares from the masked officer; one of them disappeared only hours later.

The streets of Comalapa are deathly still after 5 o'clock, when the army patrols have returned to camp. After dark, the only sounds are the noise of the gunmen's cars and the eerie, disconsolate howling of dogs. The death squads, armed with Israeli Uzi submachine guns and Galil automatic rifles, calmly make their rounds in small Volkswagens and Subarus, breaking into houses and dragging out that day's suspected Communists. In their strategy of denying potential recruits to the guerrillas, the Guatemalan Government of Lucas García, its army and paramilitary death squads are fighting terrorism with a heedless terrorism of their own that is tragically misdirected. Its main achievement has been to sow the seeds of a future harvest of rage and vengeance that will long outlive the present bloodshed.

The Cakchiquel Mayas of Comalapa, proud and independent, have risen up against repressive police and municipal leaders in the past; and they have been known to ride unpopular priests out of town on a figurative rail. They are fearful now, immobilized with dread, but they are patient and have long memories, and they bide their time. (Comalapans remember friends as well as enemies; last month they collected $97 in small coins and delivered it to the Italian Embassy for the relief of earthquake victims.)

Don Carlos, who had found a job in the capital, stole out of town early one morning and returned to Comalapa. He left a message saying he would rather die in his hometown, with his own family, than to live skulking like a frightened dog in an alien city. □

POLITICAL PRELIMS

The Name's the Game in California

MARY ELLEN LEARY

San Francisco

They are playing "the names game" in California these days. Officially, it is off-season for state politics, but already one can hear the rumble of the ground-laying machinery. The 1982 California elections promise to be the lengthiest, most competitive, most technologically sophisticated and by far the most expensive ever held in a state that is already famous for its political extravaganzas. The outcome of this extended prelude, beginning at least sixteen months before the primary, will not hinge on popularity or TV charm. In a state with twenty-two million people and ten million voters, the first rudiment of politics is something far more elemental: name recognition.

Gov. Jerry Brown enjoys the immense advantage of bearing a name that was widely known even before he sought office, thanks to his father, Edmund G. Brown Sr., who served a total of twelve years, first as attorney general, then as governor. When one adds to this a term as secretary of state and the six years as governor for Brown *fils*, the family name has been identified with state Democratic leadership for twenty-two years, a familiarity and a generational span hard to beat.

Two Republicans who may try to beat it will also be trading on well-known political names. For it seems likely that Brown's expected bid for U.S. Senator S.I. Hayakawa's seat next year will be contested by either (or both) Maureen Reagan, daughter of President Ronald Reagan, or Barry Goldwater Jr., currently a Congressman from Los Angeles. In this climate, it is understandable that Jack Ford, 28, a Southern Californian who also claims a presidential parent, is pondering a bid for some less conspicuous California post, perhaps state controller.

With celebrity status so salable a political commodity, it is also not surprising that writer Gore Vidal, a Democrat, is making semipolitical speeches around the state, spurred to challenge Brown in the Senatorial primary by Los Angeles philanthropist Max Palevsky, a close friend and heavy contributor to the party. Should Vidal shift from promoting his latest book to promoting his candidacy, he will bring to the political arena an asset dear to Californians: wit and a puckish iconoclasm directed against the establishment. But for all his recent radio and TV talk-show popularity, Vidal has no real political constituency in the state and little experience beyond a try in 1960 for a New York Congressional seat on the Democratic-Liberal ticket.

The star quality of the Republican names suggests that the party's big guns have targeted Governor Brown for defeat. But opposition is also surfacing within his own party and among various interest groups he has antagonized. So it looks like a "get Jerry Brown" year, which is enough to make a man wish he could sit this one out. The thought is tempting, and Brown's friends say he would like nothing better than a sabbatical, when he might commit to paper and expound on television his sometimes provocative views about the world's dwindling resources and America's diminished industrial vitality. But, unlike Ronald Reagan during his General Electric days, Brown has no corporate patron to underwrite any freelance polemics; besides, he needs elective office to stay credible. He is still aiming for the heights, the Presidency, and to pause now after successive defeats in 1976 and 1980 would be tantamount to giving up. So Brown plays coy about his plans and concentrates on being a full-time governor preoccupied with crime and taxes, though he still bustles from one fund-raiser to another, building up his war chest.

Although it offers less glamorous names, the gubernatorial race is almost as interesting. It presents Democrats with a

Mary Ellen Leary is an associate editor of Pacific News Service and a correspondent for The Economist. *She writes frequently on California politics.*

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delicate problem, for their strongest potential candidate, according to state polls, is Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, who was re-elected by a whopping 64 percent of the vote on April 14 for a rare third term. A recent Field poll gave Bradley a 63 percent "favorable" rating statewide, topping even the leading Republican gubernatorial candidate, Lieut. Gov. Mike Curb, who pulled 54 percent. Virtually all Democrats concede that the 63-year-old mayor could walk off with his party's nomination if he wants it.

While Bradley ponders his move, other Democrats are warming up on the sidelines. Controller Ken Cory has a campaign organization in place. John Tunney, former Senator from California, is at least casually talking of running.

The Democrats' problem arises from the fact that their strongest candidate, Bradley, an exemplary spokesman on urban problems, universally respected and admired, is also black. And Democrats are not sure he could carry the state in today's ultraconservative climate. They are especially dubious about his strength statewide against another conspicuous Republican girding up for this battle, Attorney General George Deukmejian, who is charting a straight "law and order" course. In California, crime is now the number-one political issue, and it is the only category in which the polls do not show Bradley ahead of the field, even though he was a Los Angeles policeman for twenty-one years and has a law degree.

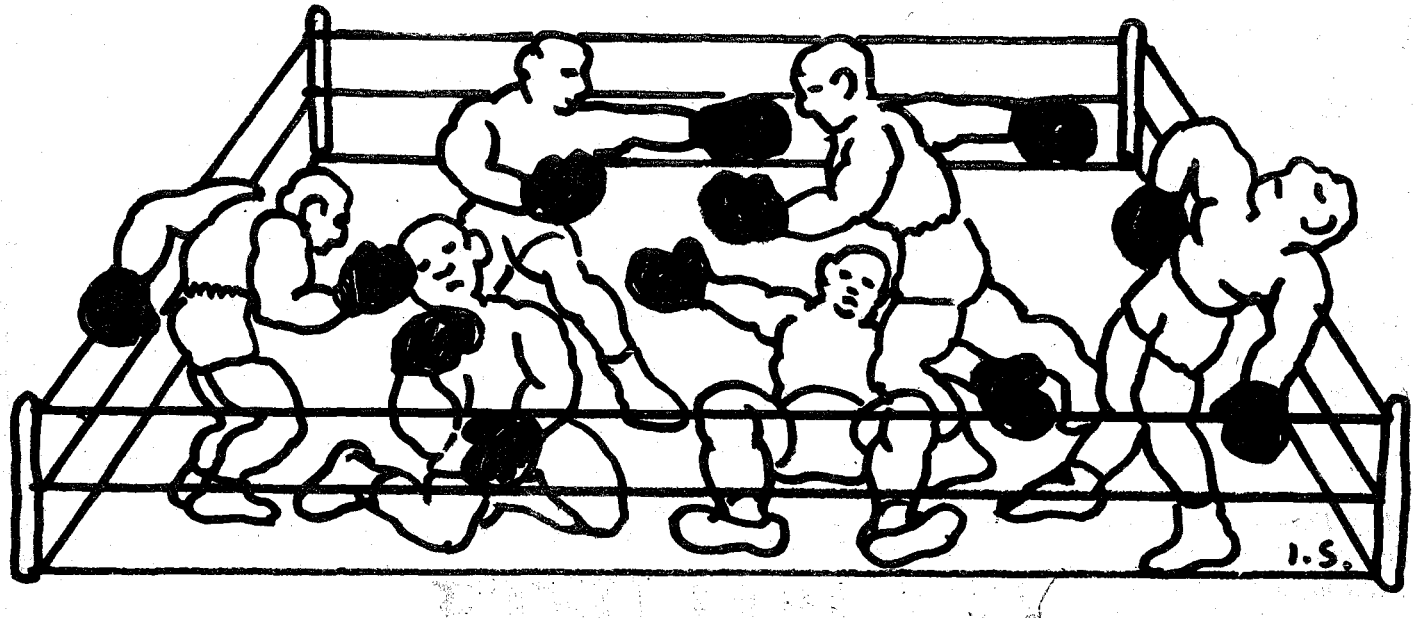
It happens that the two most successful Democratic figures to emerge in California this year are black: Bradley and Willie Brown of San Francisco, Speaker of the legislature's lower house. Bradley, quiet, methodical, judiciously middle-of-the-road in viewpoint, has habitually ignored race and forged ahead politically on the assumption that Californians have put that issue behind them. Bradley has operated colorblind, and while his cost-consciousness has angered Los Angeles police, his administrative skill has built strong support in all quarters. He has avoided entanglement in the school busing controversy in his city, since it does not come under his jurisdiction as mayor. His reputation as an able urban leader is solid.

Speaker Brown, on the other hand, is openly, effusively, a champion of his race, as aggressive in supporting blacks in political life as he is in building his own office into a power base. "Because I'm black, blacks come to me for advice and I will do anything I can to help," he says. "My program is advancing blacks in public office." Brown's political acumen through seventeen years in California public life as a San Francisco legislator, and his kinetic charm and vitality, have kept him highly visible while he has increased the power of the Speaker's office and built up his law practice. He has become very much a political power in California.

The conventional Democratic wisdom holds that a Bradley candidacy would fail because of the Republican resurgency in President Reagan's home state, where White House attention is sure to be focused next year. Democrats also remember that the respected and competent Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, a former Congresswoman, was trounced in the last statewide election by Deukmejian for attorney general, and the party intelligentsia is reluctant to pit another black against him.

So many Californians have trooped to Washington with this Administration that Republican Party decisions about California races reflect some White House preferences. Attorney General Deukmejian has publicly associated himself with White House counselor Edwin Meese 3d. But a Republican gubernatorial primary in California that turned into an intraparty squabble would embarrass the President. Mike Curb, who still has the best-known Republican name, had expected the inside track. His chief backers were members of Reagan's original "kitchen cabinet" of wealthy California businessmen. But this edge is dulled somewhat by the fact that Bill Roberts, a former Reagan campaign manager, is masterminding Deukmejian's campaign. In addition, a moderate, Mayor Pete Wilson of San Diego, is running, and he had a strong hand in the Reagan transition team on urban problems. Each has a claim on presidential help; each has staff, fund raising, even advertising in place.

Wilson, who scores high in "favorability" polls, is low on name recognition, though he ran for governor four years



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ago. A political figure from remote San Diego doesn't get much statewide attention. To remedy this, his campaign managers concocted a TV ad which shows a pretty girl being asked what one word best describes Governor Brown. "Waffles," she says. "He waffles." And the one word for Wilson? "Cute. He's *really* cute." The commercial gained Wilson the desired familiarity, but what does he do for an encore?

Democrats are cheered by the prospect of a fierce Republican primary fight for the governorship. Against Curb, they feel some confidence, but Deukmejian makes them uneasy. And so Cory readies his campaign organization, Tunney marks time on a Los Angeles talk-show that keeps his name and face visible, Gore Vidal contemplates a gubernatorial try, and even political veteran Jesse Unruh, now state treasurer, is tempted. Meanwhile, Bradley plods quietly on, keeping his own counsel.

While the Democratic state leadership attempts to demonstrate its conservatism and Governor Brown and legislative colleagues vie with Republicans in sponsoring "tough-on-crime" bills and tightening government spending, "progressive" activists at the local government level continue to challenge the leadership. Earlier this year, Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy won five out of six seats on the city council in his home base, Santa Monica. But in Berkeley, the "leftist" Berkeley Citizens Action (B.C.A.), which has been a vigorous force since it elected three of its members to the city council as well as the mayor, Gus Newport, two years ago, suffered a setback. This year it needed to elect only one more councilman for a majority, but the extreme tone of its campaign charges against a "moderate" slate of Democrats boomeranged. The Berkeley vote was clearly middle-of-the-road, and in both cities strict rent-control laws remain a key issue. Meanwhile, Hayden is contemplating an initiative for gun control—to keep himself in the public eye.

For Curb's lead in the G.O.P. name-recognition sweepstakes, Governor Brown must take some of the blame. Curb was a boyish-faced, bumbling amateur at first, but Brown's frequent trips out of state in pursuit of the Presidency pushed his lieutenant governor into the limelight. At first he played spoiler, but a seasoned aide, Ken Reitz, who is now his campaign director, persuaded him to take a more statesmanlike stance.

Deukmejian's name, even when shortened to the nickname "Duke," is not easily mastered; nonetheless, he is remembered for writing California's present death penalty law, which has weathered challenges in the state and U.S. Supreme Courts and is a strong plus in his anti-crime campaign strategy. He has the respect of the political community but his record as attorney general has been colorless.

To return to the U.S. Senate contest, it is inconceivable that Reagan's team, so knowledgeable about California, would tolerate a primary battle between Maureen Reagan and Barry Goldwater Jr. Goldwater's opening campaign moves have been made. His organization is already formed. Ms. Reagan is likely to proceed cautiously, while her acceptability is tested by private polisters. TV news shots have shown her as an attractive, forceful, quick-thinking and more pulse-quickening personality than the handsome, low-keyed Goldwater. It remains to be seen how much stomach she has for politics after her latest marriage and the shock of the assassination attempt on her father.

Still another possible candidate is Representative Paul N. (Pete) McCloskey, who has a strong following among Democrats. But he represents the out-of-favor moderate wing of the party, and it is unlikely that Republicans would choose him even though he might well hold the Senate seat for the party. This ideological narrow-mindedness does not deter McCloskey, who has been a maverick throughout his career. The incumbent, Senator Hayakawa, says he may seek re-election, but the possibility of his winning is brushed aside by most Republicans as preposterous.

At this juncture the Senate race on the Democratic side looks like the more heated one. At least two Democrats are weighing a challenge to Brown, notably Leo McCarthy, who was Speaker of the California legislature's lower house for six years. He lost his power base last year after a brash and unexpected challenge from a Brown ally, Assemblyman Howard Berman of Beverly Hills. Both men were defeated in January by Willie Brown, whose Republican base in the legislature was sufficient to beat the divided Democrats. The Berman-McCarthy rivalry left the party fractionated, and though Governor Brown tried to remain above the battle, he did not escape its fallout. McCarthy, a quiet, earnest San Francisco attorney, has been a respected California politico for fifteen years and was a much-trusted Speaker. He became increasingly annoyed when Governor Brown's presidential ambitions distracted his attention from serious state problems. A great many Californians share this view, but whether this will translate into political clout or funding capability for McCarthy remains to be seen. The Brown political resilience is still formidable.

Head to head on TV, Brown's old magic might well charm voters more than McCarthy's reasoned competence. Both men have minority support, but Brown's pro-Cesar Chavez stance gains added weight from his numerous minority appointments, especially to the courts. Of late, however, with the Senate contest looming large in his future, the Governor has taken to making noncontroversial, middle-of-the-road appointments, even naming some Republicans here and there. These days he dwells on issues of interest to business and tends faithfully to routine gubernatorial tasks he used to find a bore. The state budgetary surplus handed him by inflation has been eaten away by post-Proposition 13 deficits, and the state's fiscal problems are serious. Having already implemented a tougher approach to crime, which has state prisons crammed with the highest per-capita felon population outside of Russia and South Africa, Brown now champions a packet of bills with even tougher penalties. Quick-minded as ever, he sounds very gubernatorial discussing these proposals, but he can still flip-flop on the big controversies, as he has on his support for the Peripheral Canal, a plan he initially favored to

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funnel water from the northern part of the state to farm regions and the Los Angeles area. Faced with a referendum calling for abandonment of the project, Brown has straddled the question. This issue has troubled the political waters he is testing quite as much as McCarthy's contemplated challenge.

Today McCarthy says, "I honestly believe I can transfer a demonstrated legislative skill to usefulness in the U.S. Senate, to the benefit of the state. Jerry would be tough competition, but he won't frighten me if I find the support I need." And he added: "I'm convinced Jerry Brown is not genuinely interested in *being* U.S. Senator. I am."

Another, lesser rival is a total newcomer, youthful Daniel Whitehurst, who was recently re-elected mayor of Fresno, center of the state's agricultural area. It's hard to tell whether Whitehurst is contemplating the Senate race to enhance his political future or to voice the agricultural interests' distaste for Brown. Farmers are burned up about Brown's support of collective bargaining for farm workers and exasperated by his inconsistency on water policies. Now they are also riled over what they see as inadequate state help in combating the Mediterranean fruit fly, a very serious crop hazard. Whitehurst styles himself the centrist in the race, offering voters an alternative to liberals Brown and McCarthy.

Whitehurst's candidacy may be no more than nuisance, but his unexpected emergence suggests there may be many constituencies gunning for Jerry Brown. The Governor is a moving target, however, usually faster than the other fellow. Once all this preliminary sparring ends, Brown is likely to remain California's most conspicuous and durable political figure.

If name recognition is the first requisite of politics in the most populous state, that is primarily because a well-known name is absolutely essential to fund raising. Right now, California pols are distressed by the huge sums required just to get a campaign started. Each of the ten people now eyeing the top statewide offices—U.S. Senator, governor, attorney general—must raise a $2 million war chest before making the commitment to run. Most of the money is needed for television, radio, direct mail and the expensive guidance that comes from professional campaign management. In addition, the next political season promises to see a breakthrough in adapting the computer to political communication. It is a big state. Handshaking and doorbell-ringing have long been out of fashion, and computer-run telephone banks are the wave of the future.

For some, especially those already in office, mustering money is relatively easy. Lieut. Gov. Mike Curb, a one-time Hollywood crooner who at present owns his own record company, has, as was mentioned, long enjoyed support from some of the wealthy California cronies of President Reagan. He raised a cool $1 million at the kickoff fund-raiser for his gubernatorial run. Democratic state controller Ken Cory, who also eyes the governorship, raised $100,000 from an intimate little dinner of twenty couples last month in San Francisco. It's $400,000 from a rock concert here, $500,000 from a special dinner there, so many fund-raisers for so many different candidates that even lobbyists, inundated with pleas for money, are beginning to clamor for political reform. California's watchdog agency, the Fair Political Practices Commission, recently announced that 100 contests last year for state legislative seats involved expenditures totaling $36 million. F.P.P.C. chairman Tom Houston predicted that "at the rate of intensified fund raising now going on, California political campaigns for 1982 elections will cost more than $100 million."

This crude marketing reality has to be recognized as more basic to the evolution of political leadership in California than party, policy, age, views on abortion, northern or southern residency, or even television charisma. But once a name achieves familiarity and front money is garnered, other political considerations come to bear, such as experience, who is closest to President Reagan, whom the media presents as most sincere, and the like.

For once, party affiliation also matters. California's long-standing traditions of nonpartisanship and personality politics are severely dented at present by stronger-than-usual party awareness. This buoys up Republicans and profoundly depresses Democrats, despite the latter's numerical advantage of six million registered voters to four million registered Republicans. "Can *any* Democrat win next year?" is a question heard more and more, though not in official party circles.

The state Democratic Party apparatus rests in the slender, gesticulating hands of Nancy Pelosi, whose youthful looks and intense manner suggest a grad student rather than a mother of five. She is the first woman to be elected party chief in the state, a salute to years of persistent support and dauntless enthusiasm. Her finishing-school polish hides a seasoned, sensible political judgment formed in her Maryland childhood (her father and her brother both were mayors of Baltimore). As she ticks off the cards Democrats in California hold this year—money-raising capability, a roster of strong candidates, loyalty among the minorities, stronger links to labor and a rare-for-California determination to muster organizational strength behind their superior numbers, she exhibits the chipper assurance of "the little engine that could" at the bottom of an immense hill.

The obstacles are considerable. Inner-circle Democrats have hopes of winning some offices next year, most likely the U.S. Senate seat with Brown and probably one or two new Congressional seats. But California Republicans, from party chiefs and business executives to suburban ladies and Saturday night beer drinkers, are brimming with new-found political confidence. The G.O.P. expects to trounce Brown, capture the governorship and several other state offices, dislodge some Democratic Congressmen and commandeer the reapportionment machinery so that Republicans can dominate California for the next decade.

Too much of that hope rests on the fragile assumption that Ronald Reagan's popularity will keep climbing and his policies will bring widespread satisfaction. Both parties realize their state's future is tied inevitably to national

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economic developments. But California has seen how Republican prospects dried up after Reagan left Sacramento. California has observed the party struggling for votes in the wake of Watergate, when there were times that the Field poll, engaged in its regular state political pulse-taking, couldn't find enough people who would admit to being Republicans to make up a proper sample. Now, all that is changed. In their new pride, their excitement and zest, Republicans have raised money early, organized early, generated volunteer enthusiasm early. They feel invincible. They may well be. □

THE CARNEGIE REPORT

Puff Piece for A War Economy

SEYMOUR MELMAN

An ideological offensive is being mounted to marshal support for fresh U.S. imperial thrusts worldwide. Editors, journalists and opinion makers are being plied with analyses of the military and economic "options" that are open to the United States in the realm of national security and the importance of more arms and strengthening conventional forces.

An example of this campaign is a report of the prestigious Carnegie Endowment for International Peace entitled *Challenges for U.S. National Security*, which was prepared by a special staff and panel headed by Leslie H. Gelb. The political slant of this carefully written document is revealed by its total omission of any discussion of a mutual reversal of the arms race by the United States and the Soviet Union, which would lead to a conversion from a military to a civilian economy. Apparently, such an option is outside the scope of the imperial views of the Carnegie panel of generals, professors, lawyers, business and government managers. Accordingly, the bulk of the discussion is confined to how best to continue the arms race. The "choices" presented by the panel are confined to which weapons systems should be adapted and the degree to which the pace of the arms race should be regulated through agreements with the U.S.S.R.

The Carnegie report's discussion of military security alternatives says nothing about any ongoing imperial competition with Soviet rulers. Nor does it deal with the possible consequences of large and small wars. Military advantage is discussed without reference to limits on military power. That the very existence of the human race is at stake cannot be suspected from a discusssion of nuclear war that includes statements like, " 'Ahead' means that at any point of a war, the population and the agricultural and military capacity of the U.S. would permit a more rapid economic and military recovery than would be possible for the U.S.S.R." That declaring nuclear war workable automatically renders it thinkable as a policy option never seems to have occurred to the panel.

Indeed, the very coolness of the reasoning about "the options" carries the implicit assumption that no moral taint attaches to calculating and planning for nuclear war, and that nuclear war is winnable, or at least survivable. Thus the range of strategic options and consequences proposed in the Carnegie report do not include the calamitous aftereffects of a nuclear war. The panel makes no mention of the 1975 report of the National Academy of Sciences on *The Long-Term Worldwide Effects of Multiple Detonations of Nuclear Weapons*, for example. Dr. Philip Handler, president of the academy, noted that in addition to the immediate blast, radiation, thermal and fallout effects of nuclear weapons,

> the depletion of stratospheric ozone resulting from multiple detonations would be global in scope (the effect in the Southern Hemisphere perhaps one-half to one-third that in the Northern Hemisphere) and would persist for years, resulting in such intense ultraviolet irradiation of the earth's surface as to cause crop failure by direct damage to plants and by major alterations of climate, and to induce intense sunburn in a few minutes and markedly increase the incidence of skin cancer in those exposed.
>
> The same global effect would be achieved if one superpower were to use all of its weapons or both were to use half their weapons or, indeed, if many lesser powers were to release an equivalent megatonnage scattered more widely over the earth's surface.
>
> It would not matter where in the Northern Hemisphere the nitrogen oxides formed in the explosions were inserted into the stratosphere. The global effects would be the same.

This means that if either the United States or the U.S.S.R. were to orchestrate a perfectly executed nuclear first strike that destroyed, totally, the opponent's nuclear military capability, the "successful" attacker would then suffer the devastating consequences described by Handler. If references to such effects were included in the Carnegie report, it is difficult to see how the writers could have avoided facing up to the question of how the arms race could be reversed.

In the report's summary appears this rhetorical query: "What is the basis of the Soviets believing that the United States might use nuclear weapons first in order to deter or defeat a Soviet attack on American allies in Europe or Japan?" At least one member of the Carnegie panel, Lieut. Gen. Andrew Goodpaster, Superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and formerly Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, 1969-74, might have told the panel that the basis for such a belief could be found in the U.S. Army's basic strategic doctrine, as set down in the publicly available Field Manual 100-5, *Operations* (July 1, 1976). The relevant passages follow:

> As more nations became nuclear capable and a viable second-strike option became a reality, the advantage to be accrued from the use of strategic nuclear weapons dimin-

Seymour Melman is professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University and co-chairman of SANE. He is author of The Permanent War Economy *(Simon & Schuster).*

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ished. Recognizing this transition and to meet the needs of lower levels of conflict and flexible response, the US began to focus on the development of battlefield nuclear weapons to support the forward defense and flexible response strategy. With these developments the pendulum has swung from conventional war to nuclear war and now to the present concept of conventional-nuclear war. . . .

The current US arsenal of nuclear weapons includes numerous medium to very low yield weapons delivered by short and mid-range systems. . . .

The use or threatened use of nuclear weapons will have a profound effect on the modern battlefield. The combat power provided by nuclear weapons could mean the difference between victory or defeat, or could cause an enemy to terminate his attack by altering his perception of an easy victory. . . . Even when used in low yields, nuclear weapons can quickly and decisively alter the combat power ratios and change the course of the battle. . . . However, since the strategies of major nuclear powers imply that threats of escalation to general nuclear war could be associated with the limited use of nuclear weapons, employment of these weapons must be selective and restrained. In any battle we must have the capability to use nuclear weapons effectively, along with our conventional weapons, in support of the land battle. . . .

The use of nuclear weapons begins a new phase in operations—a combined conventional-nuclear phase of uncertain length, during which a clear distinction between offensive or defensive use of nuclear weapons could be difficult. . . .

The Field Manual specifies that control on nuclear release finally rests with the National Command Authority, and that

> Commanders should send request messages when they judge that the use of nuclear weapons will be essential for accomplishment of their mission.

In a section on nuclear planning it is indicated that

> Advanced planning for nuclear strikes or counter strikes is essential to timely deployment.

And further:

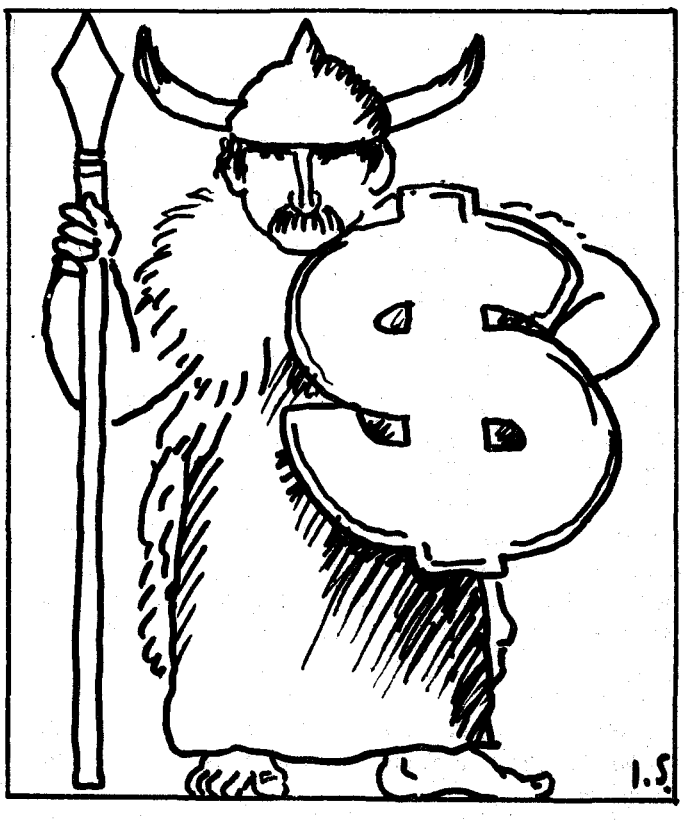
> Although many weapons will probably be available, release may be expected for only the numbers and types of weapons included in planned "packages" of nuclear weapons. A package is a group of nuclear weapons of specific yields for employment in a specified area, within a limited time frame to support a tactical contingency.
>
> Sufficient nuclear weapons should be planned in each package to alter the tactical situation decisively and to assure accomplishment of the assigned mission.
>
> The first use of US tactical nuclear weapons would probably be in a defensive mode based on prepared defense plans. Later use could include nuclear support for offensive operations to destroy the enemy or regain lost territory.

Thus, while ideological front organizations like the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace help to befuddle the intelligentsia about the nature and consequences of the use of military power, the U.S. Army is crystal clear (as an army must be) in formulating doctrine for its commanders. Its present strategy is conventional nuclear, and the objective is to "win" the battle and "win" the war. The focus is on particular weapons, tactics, mechanics, procedures—coupled with a total denial (by avoidance) that nuclear war means the end of the human community.

The implications of a conventional nuclear strategy extend to U.S. actions in new Vietnam-style wars—in El Salvador, for example. A study of petroleum consumption by the U.S. Air Force during the Vietnam War, for example, points out that in 1969 "the Air Force used 200 million barrels of jet fuel at a cost of $800 million. . . . Nowadays the cost of equivalent fuel for operations similar to Vietnam would increase total fuel cost to between $10 [billion] and $15 billion." Even with a Pentagon budget of $185 billion, fuel costs of this magnitude are bound to strain available resources. The availability of doctrine, equipment and tactics for conventional nuclear war increases the likelihood of the use of tactical nuclear weapons in a Vietnam-type war as a real money-saver.

The Carnegie report has another section devoted to "The Economy and Defense Spending." Here the main conclusion is straightforward:

> From a broad historical perspective, it would appear that the United States would have little problem in being able to allocate more economic resources to defense spending. Since 1945, the United States has twice before decided to significantly increase its defense spending, during the Korean and Vietnam wars. Compared to those efforts, the range of current proposals, which would boost defense outlays from about 5% to 6.5% or 7% of GNP, is modest. Moreover, past increases in defense spending were both larger as a percent of GNP and were accomplished in a shorter time period. Also an increase in the range of 1% to 1.5% of GNP for defense would not necessarily have a major impact on inflation or unemployment levels. It would depend on how the increase was financed. . . . [Also], the main constraint on increased



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defense spending is more likely to be the political will to reallocate resources and burdens. It is far more a question of political priorities than of economic resources.

If you accept the data on which the Carnegie report is based, these findings are reasonable enough. Actually, the conclusions rest on economic quicksand—the assumption that a change in military outlays from 5 to 7 percent of the gross national product is small both in relative and absolute terms. Such an assumption is false because it ignores the nature and economic consequences of modern military budgets.

A military budget is not a hotchpotch of various goods and services. It is, rather, a capital fund. The budget mobilizes the same kinds of resources that are represented by the fixed and working capital of major industrial investments (land, buildings, machines, tools, fuel, raw materials, technicians, engineers, administrators and skilled labor). Moreover, the modern military budget adds nothing to civilian consumption, or to production capacity.

Therefore, a given military budget can be a small part of the total net money value of all goods and services (gross national product) while looming large in relation to fixed capital formation (producers). The latter category comprises the money value of new (civilian use) machinery, transportation equipment and nonresidential construction.

Using the G.N.P. as a base line for assessing military spending is perfectly sensible if your objective is to examine the flow of money to various segments of the population or different institutions. But if you seek to determine how capital resources are employed in the economy for production, the G.N.P. total is wide of the mark because it encompasses the money value of movie tickets, vacations, the military and all manner of consumer goods and services. The relevant economic category for perceiving the effect of military spending on the entire economy's production capability is its ratio to total fixed capital formation. Thus, in 1977 the U.S. military budget was $4.90 per $100 of gross national product, while comprising $46 per $100 of (producers') fixed capital formation.

The small ratio of military spending to total G.N.P. encourages the view that it is a modest overhead charge on the economy as a whole, and the argument is made that an enlargement of the ratio by 2 percent "is far more a question of political priorities than of economic resources." One implication is that economic resources are readily interchangeable, that retail clerks, office workers and other burgeoning white-collar occupations—and their equipment—are readily convertible to the production of fixed and working capital. This expectation is absurd on its face. A ten-to-twenty-year major effort to enlarge the labor force and equipment of the industries directly responsible for the society's fixed capital formation would be needed to accomplish such a conversion.

The massively enlarged capital funds now being allotted to the military will prove to be unspendable. To be sure, some of them can be allocated to increased wages for hiring soldiers. But accelerating the output of military matériel is another matter. For the main machinery-producing industries of the United States have long been cannibalized by the military's priority access to them. The vital machine-tool industry, for example, has the capacity to supply only 25 percent of the machine tools being purchased by civilian firms. In shipbuilding and other major manufacturing industries production capability is severely limited by antiquated facilities because of the sustained failure of managements to modernize domestic plants while they funnel resources into other forms of profit-making here and abroad.

If the Pentagon uses its present powers to order priority shipments of machine tools to its industrial suppliers, civilian firms will be compelled to wait longer for deliveries. The machine-tool industry is now booked up for about two years. The civilian firm buyers will be forced to go to Germany and Japan for timely delivery of the new equipment they need.

The aerospace and electronic industries of the United States are now so overloaded with work that their resources are strained. Recent reports on the status of military industry to the Defense Science Board and to senior Pentagon officials reveal endemic shortages of production capability in the military economy; prices of military hardware rise 20 percent annually.

The U.S. economy now suffers from a major depletion of fixed capital resources in industrial plant and vital services like transportation, water supply and waste disposal. That is why it is of first importance to focus attention on the ratio of that capital fund known as the military budget to the annual capacity of the economy to form new fixed capital. Lacking an understanding of this, the Carnegie report can only find that "political will" and not "economic resources" are the limits on larger military budgets.

Actually, the ratio of military spending to new fixed capital formation goes a long way toward accounting for the decrepit condition of U.S. capital plant compared with that of West Germany and Japan. In 1977, the ratios of military

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expenditures to every $100 in fixed capital production were West Germany, $18.90; Japan, $3.70; the United States, $46. The concentration of fixed capital in economically productive work has paid off richly in Germany and Japan.

But there is no suspicion of such a relationship in the Carnegie report, which merely expresses faith in the myth that U.S. production resources are unlimited—that this nation can have guns and butter without stint. Thus, Ronald Reagan's military extravaganza merely requires sufficient "political will." The Carnegie report is really an attempt to stiffen the spines of the weak-willed intelligentsia. □

ARAB RADICALS AFTER NASSER

The Revolution That Failed

FOUAD AJAMI

The Chinese revolutionaries, observes Joseph Levenson, accomplished a revolution "against the world to join the world, against the past to keep it theirs, but past." China's success contrasts with the failure of the Arab nations to rebel thoroughly against the outside world, and thus to join it, or against the past, and thus to see it for what it is and keep it at bay. There has been, to be sure, a mountain of words about slaying the past. Such was the promise of Gamal Abdel Nasser's generation, and surely it was the claim of post-1967 Arab radicals who had vowed to succeed where their predecessors had failed and who had invested the sum of their hopes in the Palestinian cause.

Now, almost a decade after those revolutionaries had their chance, there is overwhelming evidence that the Arab world has come full circle. The vocabulary and concern of Arab politics and the drums to which people are marching show the remarkable tenacity of the past. Both the Arabs themselves and those who interpret them are suddenly saying that the Arab world is after all the Arab world—moved by its ancient passions, entangled in its old snares, afflicted with the old doubts and predicaments.

In inter-Arab politics as a whole, it is not the radical nationalists of a decade before who seem to be setting the tone but the rulers of Saudi Arabia. Mohammed Heikal, editor of the Cairo daily *Al Ahram* and once the propagator of Nasserite ideology, proclaimed that the Arab world had entered the "Saudi era" and that power had passed from the "charismatic revolutionary" state of Abdel Nasser to the "traditional" Saudi state. Radical nationalism was the pillar of the Nasserite order; Islam is the presumed pillar of the Saudi one.

The seeming contradiction between the reassertion of Islamic fundamentalism—all the tradition mongering of the Saudi era, all the insistent talk about authenticity—and the unprecedented integration of the Arab world into the world economy and the extensive political and cultural advances of the United States into the region is no contradiction at all. The two phenomena are twins. There comes a time in the life of nations when the outside world intrudes, when it appears with all its threats and temptations. People either respond to it coherently and competently or they lose their bearings. And if they do the latter, they need all kinds of psychological devices: They stress their uniqueness and the great achievements of their ancestors all the more as they surrender to others more powerful and more glamorous than themselves. Reassertion and chauvinism alternate with self-doubt and mimicry. This creates its own vicious circle.

The failure of claims and movements, the troubles of a reigning order trying to have it both ways—to insist on its autonomy at the same time that it trades it for what the outside world has to offer—send everyone scurrying for cover. Imagined revolutions and breakthroughs follow one another. Salvation is proclaimed; then there is a feeling of disappointment after the dust settles and people discover that the whole rotten thing starts all over again. Authenticity becomes a refuge when practical politics fails to deliver concrete solutions to foreign weakness, to domestic breakdown, to cultural seduction. The connection between the Arab *thawra* (revolution) of the post-1967 years and the Saudi era of a decade later, from the Marxist-Leninist tracts to the fundamentalist exhortations, is not as tenuous as it at first seems. One leads to the other. Both are made of the same material: the desire for a quick fix, that brief moment of elation when all appears resolved before things come tumbling down.

The outcome of the Six Day War in June 1967 was a textbook case of a revolutionary situation in the Arab countries with all its standard ingredients: military defeat, internal exhaustion, the disaffection of intellectuals, a generation gap that was rapidly turning into an abyss, scathing critiques of the most sacred facets of a culture's life. That, at any rate, was the view of those who pinned their hopes on the new revolution—the Palestinian movement—and who broke with Nasserism and the Baath.

Revolutions cannot hover in the air. They require concrete channels, and the channel for the post-Nasser Arab revolution would be the Palestinian movement. Where it had once been believed that the Arab states would liberate Palestine, it was now expected that the Palestinian struggle would topple the Arab order. Thus, when a group of young intellectuals were invited to reassess the Egyptian revolution on its seventeenth anniversary, they performed an autopsy. With the exception of Nadim Bitar, a faithful Nasserite who insisted that Abdel Nasser still represented the best of alternatives, all were convinced that Abdel Nasser's great deeds were behind him and that his revolution had been shackled by bureaucracy and tarnished by defeat. For the young

Fouad Ajami is director of Middle East Studies at the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University. This article is adapted from his book, The Arab Predicament: Arab Political Thought and Practice Since 1967 *(Cambridge University Press).*

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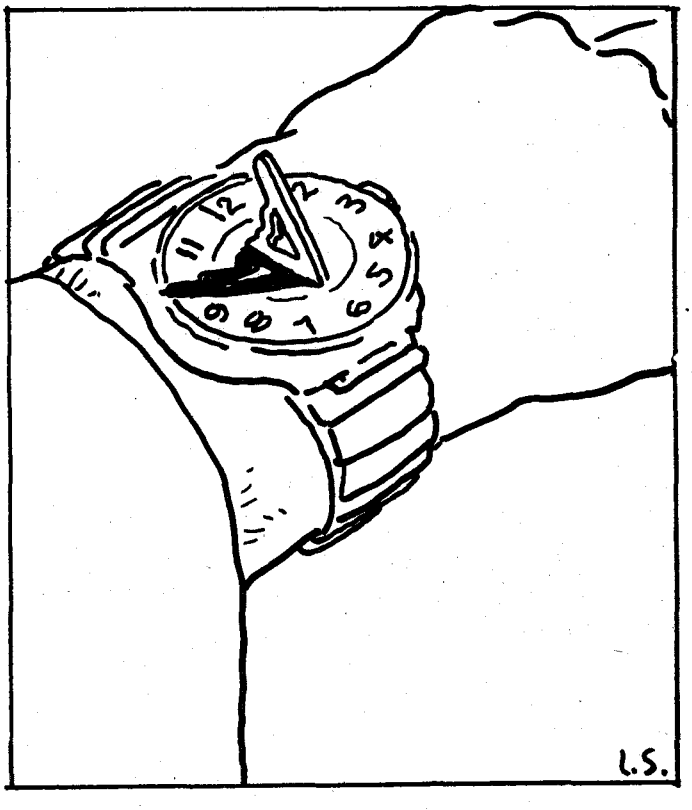
philosopher and activist Sadek al-Azm, the Palestinian revolution promised a new theory and practice. For the writer Adonis, the new "revolutionary moment" was the moment of the Palestinians. Other "Arab revolutions"—and the quotation marks are Adonis's—were real and living revolutions to the extent that they followed the lead of the Palestinians. The radical intelligentsia were convinced that the Palestinian movement was well on its way to becoming a total Arab revolution.

This revolutionary moment lasted for three years. Looking back with the benefit of hindsight, one can see the overwhelming odds against its success; one can dismiss the designation of the leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, George Habash, of the four enemies of the revolution—Zionism, imperialism, "Arab reaction" (Jordan and Saudi Arabia) and "Arab bourgeois regimes" (Cairo and Damascus)—as the kind of messianic stuff from which revolutionary bubbles and aspirations are made. But to do so would be to overlook the vulnerability of the Arab order at the time. There were deep domestic troubles in Egypt; the lines were drawn in Jordan, and to a lesser extent in Lebanon, between the regimes and growing Palestinian activism that intersected with local grievances; there was despair throughout the Arab world, and people were vulnerable to any remedy, any banner. Moreover, two regimes (Egypt and Jordan) were trying to negotiate a diplomatic settlement and at the same time to cover their tracks, for they had little to bargain with and their ineffectual diplomacy lacked the appeal and the fire of Palestinian deeds.

The decisive duel between the dominant Arab order and the Palestinians was fought in Jordan in "Black September" 1970, when King Hussein's army crushed the Palestine Liberation Organization guerrillas. In Jordan (and later in Lebanon with Syrian intervention against the Palestinians), the dominant order would demonstrate not only the superiority of its firepower but also the weakness of theory disconnected from the hard facts of political life. No revolutionary tract had an analysis of the bedouins who composed the base of King Hussein's army. The disembodied "revolutionary masses" discussed in the pamphlets were one thing, Jordan's realities were another.



Some time after Jordan's civil war ended, a leading member of the Palestinian movement conceded that many in the leadership did not really know Jordanian society, that they did not understand the seamy side of the regime, the hold of the King on his army, or the political and cultural significance of his Sharifian descent. The theorists had been convinced that Hussein's army would refuse to fight the Palestinians. But the men who fought for the King were mostly illiterates or barely able to read. They were beyond the reach of the radicals' pamphlets. For them the fight was between the King—their chieftain, their financial provider, a man who claims descent from the Prophet—and atheistic troublemakers, townsmen with alien and offensive ways. Belief was pitted against unbelief. Islam was once again a pillar of political authority.

Hussein's soldiers were the soldiers of Islam; their enemies were revolutionary outsiders, men who had gone beyond the bounds of the community and its ways. The King had prepared for his fight. Once the carnage began, he was in no hurry to stop it. The fight was on and it was a fight for Jordan. Prior to the eruption of the fighting, Hussein had said that when the Hashemites came to Amman it was only a small village, and if the time came when he had to leave, he would leave Amman the way it was when his forefathers arrived. Slogans like "all authority to the Resistance" had had their day; Hussein was to be the final victor.

The devastation of the Arab regimes after 1967 had given the Palestinian movement some room for maneuver, but the regimes were now reasserting their control. The Arab states needed heroic deeds after 1967 and the Palestinians were able and willing to provide these deeds. Sooner or later, however, the Arab state system had to strip the Palestinians of their delusions. This they did in Jordan in September 1970. Six years later, the Syrian Army would administer the same lesson in Lebanon.

In the heat of the Lebanese civil war as well there was also a feeling that the dominant order could be overthrown, that there were new possibilities. "We feel," said George Habash in mid-1976, "that the reactionary, bourgeois, confessional regime has collapsed and that the Lebanese National Movement would make a big mistake if it allowed this regime t be resurrected and reconstructed on a reformist basis. The Lebanese National Movement has a chance to insist on a new Lebanon—a democratic, nationalist, secular Lebanon." But the old Lebanon, although transformed, survived the civil war. The old men who ran things—be they on the right, such as former Presidents Camille Chamoun and Suleiman Franjieh and the leader of the Phalangists, Pierre Gemayel, or on the left, such as Kamal

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Jumblat—had sons, and to their sons passed their power and the old ways of doing things. Aptly enough, as though to forecast the turn of events in Iran, the fight in Shia Southern Lebanon between the old feudal boss Kamel Assad and the left ended in victory for neither. Power passed to Imam Musa al-Sadr, a young mullah of the Khomeini variety who has since disappeared and is presumed killed in Libya. In Lebanon, the dominant order remained. The Syrians upheld it and made the Saudis finance their "stabilization" effort. The fight in Lebanon was less dangerous, less loaded with socioeconomic meaning than the radicals assumed.

The real struggle between the old order and the radicals had dominated the 1967-73 interlude. The old order had prevailed both in Jordan and of course in the Arab-Israeli war in October 1973. Whatever the military judgment on the October War, there can be no doubt that it bought time and helped defuse the frustrations and the radicalism. Writing in early 1973, Arnold Hottinger, a careful analyst of Arab politics, caught the radical mood of the time when he stated that the Arab society that could emerge from the turmoil "might well resemble present day China more than any society known to us." The Chinese analogy was farfetched, but the mood was bleak enough to suggest the comparison. Thanks to the October War, however, Arab politics took a new turn, and the order put together by the Egyptians, the Syrians and the Saudis was able to contain and outflank the radicals. The fact that the Arabs were unable to maintain a united political front was a problem for the future. It was to be a quarrel about tactics rather than over fundamental socioeconomic issues. By the time this problem arose, "the revolution" had been aborted and the old order given a breathing spell.

One need not engage in excessive psychologizing of politics to note that nothing less than patricide was at stake in the early fight between the dominant order and the radicals. Abdel Nasser and the Baath had flirted with some new ideas, but there existed then a basic continuity with the past compared to what the young were doing and saying after 1967. The shift from the notorious Ahmad al-Shuqeiri to George Habash was a qualitative one. Shuqeiri, a sycophant and a braggart, was part of an old culture of defeat and compromise. He spoke the old language and was too much a creature of Arab courts, having served the Saudis and the Syrians as an ambassador to the United Nations, later shifting his allegiance to Abdel Nasser, who rewarded him with the chairmanship of the P.L.O.

Habash represented a discontinuity. He was a public man, ideologically committed, whose path to power came through the cell and the street. By the logic of the old world around him, Habash, a physician, could have gone on to mind his own business (all the more so because he was a Christian), tend to his private matters, and, like other members of his profession, accumulate a fortune. His choice was a break with the ways of the elders: To go beyond personal safety and success and opt for the risks of public politics was to inject into that world a sense of new possibilities.

Then there was the impact of a political and intellectual renaissance of sorts. The young radicals dragged the Arab world out of its provincialism, out of its obsessive concern with the tired themes of its own history into the full light of world events and currents. They connected the Arab world's dilemmas with the dilemmas and successes of others. That it was all done in too mechanistic and imitative a fashion was not seen at that moment. That realization began to sink in after Jordan, when even the most die-hard believers had to concede that the battle with the culture's ways had been lost, that the world of the elders had eluded and outwaited them and bounced back with seemingly new vitality.

There were parallels between the defeat of the Palestinians in 1970 and the Arab defeat of 1967, and it fell to the young radical scholar Sadek al-Azm to convey them in the same kind of autopsy he had earlier performed on Nasserism in his book *Self-Criticism After the Defeat*. September 1970 in Jordan, wrote Azm in a new wave of revisionism, was to the Palestinian movement what June 1967 was to the Pan-Arabist movement. The Palestinian movement had been but a natural extension of the earlier movement, a branch of it. The characteristics that crippled the earlier movement found their way to its offshoot. Palestinian leaders too were more anxious to "strut on the world stage," to give press conferences, to flaunt their weaponry and to put forth easy arguments than to undertake the patient work of reconstituting a Palestinian nation in exile, doing the steady and painful work that social revolutions entail. If the leaders of the Palestinian movement were giving an average of one and one half press interviews a day—as was reported in a detailed and unpretentious analysis by a member of the Executive Committee of the P.L.O. between 1969 and 1971—was this not proof that people had remained braggarts, that the old world had survived?

Of course the expectation that a brief and spectacular push against a dominant political and cultural tradition would sweep away the past was sheer illusion; like all illusion, it had disappointment written into it. But such was the expectation after 1967, and the disappointment was quick to follow. The same young men and women who had embraced the Palestinian movement became its relentless critics, and Azm's revisionism was but a manifestation of the general disillusionment. The new revolution, like the old Nasserite one, he observed, had exaggerated its achievements; it too had peddled its myths and made the Arab masses live on illusions.

Indeed, its moment of success was due to the fact that it "renewed and nurtured the old illusions that the masses had been used to and had survived on for a long time." Was not Yasir Arafat's statement that he did not expect King Hussein to hit with all his might akin to Abdel Nasser's statement after the June defeat that he had expected Israel's attack to come from the east and the north but that instead it came from the west? Was not the growth of bureaucratization and profiteering a reaffirmation of an old cultural theme—the gun serving as a way of exorcising self-doubts

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and hoarding resources? In drowning the Palestinian movement in words, was the culture doing what came most naturally to it: spinning its wheels, turning everything into a forum for oratory, making and remaking the world with phrases but leaving the substance unchanged?

To the extent that the Palestinian movement represented and embodied the post-1967 Arab revolution, its troubles burst the revolutionary bubble of the post-1967 years. There would be no easy way out; the panacea of a people's war of national liberation was but a brief illusion. It thrived so long as the Arab regimes seemed castrated and so long as the youthful energy tapped by a new wave of thought and practice had the daring and energy to push for a new world. By the time the Arab armies went into action on October 6, 1973, and the reactionary oil states deployed the oil weapon, the old world had made a stand of its own; it promised its own dawn of a new age. □

Subcommittee

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

writer (*The Spike*). De Borchgrave told the subcommittee (only two of whose members bothered to show up) that the Russian K.G.B. is aggressively recruiting "agents and sources inside the Reagan Administration, and to steal industrial and high-technology secrets." With remarkable precision de Borchgrave reported that "on an average day, three American citizens are approached somewhere in the world for recruitment purposes by the K.G.B. and its allied services. That is over 1,000 a year—and an estimated 10 percent payoff for the K.G.B. one way or another."

Some of his wilder remarks drew snickers from the press table, but perhaps the reporters reacted that way because they were, as de Borchgrave has suggested, "anesthetized" by Soviet "disinformation specialists." De Borchgrave may not be a kook but he certainly did sometimes sound a bit far-out. It must have been embarrassing to *The Post* that he was the only witness who seemed as worried as it is about spies.

Every other witness at the hearing—including former Director of Central Intelligence William Colby (who said he had "some trouble" with de Borchgrave's position)—had to admit that the United States is remarkably free of *agents provocateurs* and of anything resembling political terrorism. The subcommittee's chairman, Jeremiah Denton of Alabama, asked Claire Sterling why terrorists weren't active in this country. For one thing, she said, the atmosphere isn't favorable—"when the Vietnam War began to phase out, the atmosphere in which terrorist activities could thrive began to die out." Second (one of the day's choice drolleries), "There's so much other violence here, it's hard for terrorists to get attention."

Nonetheless, Sterling does feel that we'd better look over our shoulders, because, while the terrorists aren't here yet, Soviet-subsidized terrorism abroad is "a direct threat to our own security." She ticked off the terrorist successes: Turkey "brought to her knees"; Spain "not allowed to draw a free breath in her young democracy"; Italy "at one point near collapse."

But what has that to do with terrorism in this country? she was asked. Sterling was hard put to make the connection. "All are our closest allies," she said, "and terrorists have said that the ultimate objective is us." That was as close to home as she could stretch her evidence.

Her new book, *The Terror Network*, which deals with terrorism abroad [see Aryeh Neier's review on page 573], is apparently inflated with some remarks that don't stand up too well under public inspection. Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont read aloud a passage in which Sterling charges that Western intelligence agencies don't tell us the truth about the Russians' support of terrorism; "the fix is in," she concludes. Senator Leahy wanted to know what that meant. "Has the C.I.A. been bought?" he asked. Her rambling explanation didn't satisfy him, and he asked again, "Have all these intelligence agencies been paid off?" "They may have been paid off," Sterling replied. "I don't know. I don't think so. The fix is political. . . . It's a cover-up in my opinion."

Ironically, the Commies came out of the hearing with what, considering the hostile environment, would almost have to be considered a vote of thanks. Both Sterling and Colby acknowledged that there is no global "Soviet mastermind" behind terrorist activities in various countries. The Russians, they said, simply put up the dough and give the training as needed. But even on that point they were shaky as to details; they were even shaky on guesses. When chairman Denton asked Colby, "Could you put a dollar figure on the Soviet training of terrorism?", the ex-C.I.A. boss replied, "No . . . terrorism is a very low-cost operation."

As for home-grown Communists, Sterling acknowledged that in some countries—especially Italy, the country she knows best—they are actually our allies against terrorism. She said that since 1978 the Italian Communist Party has given "the most courageous, the most coherent and strongest support to police in the fight against the Red Brigades. The Communist Party is the biggest enemy of the Red Brigades."

Civil libertarians have expressed fears that S.S.T. chairman Denton will revive McCarthyism and that his eight years in a North Vietnamese prison left him somewhat unbalanced on the subject of Communism. Maybe. But at this hearing he sounded like just another run-of-the-mill militaristic politician. Nor did he use the hearing to badmouth the press, as some had expected. In an aside to the press table, he said that he believed it is "inevitable that the press, church and academe all lean to the left. If they did not lean to the left, there would be no progress in moving toward the ideals of the Founding Fathers." He said he felt that the Vietnam War was a just and noble cause, and he denounced reporters who portrayed it as the opposite. "But if I had been a member of the press," he said, "I might have gone the same way."

All in all, chairman Denton's style was a lot more reassuring than *The Washington Post*'s. □

Robert Sherrill is The Nation*'s White House correspondent.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Sterling Vapor Gun

ARYEH NEIER

THE TERROR NETWORK: The Secret War of International Terrorism. *By Claire Sterling. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 357 pp. $13.95.*

On January 28, in his first news conference as Secretary of State, Alexander Haig charged that the Soviet Union, as a "conscious policy," engages in "training, funding and equipping" international terrorists. The advertising campaign for *The Terror Network* claims that Claire Sterling proves this charge. She does not. What she proves is that the English language is in a bad way. Bad political writing, George Orwell wrote in his essay on "Politics and the English Language," is "designed to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind." This says exactly what is wrong with Claire Sterling's book. She piles up adjectives, pads her sentences with irrelevant information and strews her book with portentous but meaningless statements. Almost every page is littered with material in quotation marks for which no sources are given. Capital letters are used profusely to suggest that Sterling's descriptive terms are actually proper names. As for the reasoning, you could teach an introductory course in philosophy with no additional text to illustrate the varieties of logical fallacies.

Sterling's writing makes it difficult to pin down just what she is saying. She does not make explicit charges like Haig. Even toward the end of the book, when she promises us "a few simple declarative sentences" summing up her case, she does not provide them. Rather, she attempts to make her case with a torrent of innuendo. We are supposed to believe that in 1964 or 1966 or 1968 (she uses all three dates) the Soviet Union decided that terrorism was a cheaper and more effective way to conquer the West than war. The architects of this strategy in the Kremlin recognized that the Soviet Union itself did not have good credentials with the radical movements that flourished in the 1960s. Accordingly, they determined to use their Cuban and Palestinian puppets to take over incipient terrorist movements and mobilize them in a coordinated attack on Western civilization.

The taking of American hostages in Iran, assassinations by the Provisional I.R.A. in Northern Ireland, kidnappings by the Red Brigades in Italy, bombings by the E.T.A. (Basque Nation and Liberty) in Spain and every other terrorist act you ever heard of are all part of this vast conspiracy. The Soviet Union calls all the shots, provides billions of dollars (or rubles), trains the terrorists and gives them enough weapons to fight a major war. This conspiracy has largely succeeded and has brought the West to its knees. Western leaders (the book was completed prior to the re-advent of Haig) refuse to acknowledge the existence of this conspiracy or its direction by the Soviet Union because they are cowards, frightened by left-wing elements in their own governments and in their own political parties.

It is possible to find passages in Sterling's book that contradict, or appear to contradict, several of the statements in the preceding paragraph. This makes it necessary to talk about the impressions she tries to produce rather than about the charges she makes. It is also the reason that it is important to dwell on the bad writing with which she attempts to create these impressions.

Take the adjectives. In Claire Sterling's world, fog is "impenetrable," intimidation "vicious," confrontation "momentous," Palestinians "implacable," gardens "sumptuous," an election "critical," coded documents "sinister," correspondence "scorching," critics "acid," a chapter "enthralling," a villa "magnificent," a forest "enormous," a student "riotous," the young "mutinous," a friendship "intimate," a death "mysterious," a political underworld "eerie," a security service "omnipotent," a publisher "trendy," a Communist "notorious," applause "fervent," a leader "intractable," clandestinity (*sic*) "deep," Che Guevara "gallant," a suite "luxurious," a few days "idyllic," an eye "wintry" and a cast of international killers "glittering."

This much, and the repeated use of words like "huge" and "vast," could be passed over without comment because, like menu-writing in which every egg is country fresh and every slice of veal moist and succulent, it is so familiar. Sterling goes further, however. She embroiders nouns that ordinarily escape this treatment. To her, solitude is "ceremonial," the middle class "well-heeled," someone does his "obsessive" best, another person is "icily" detached, a week "exhilarating," a break "thunderous," a flop "burdensome" and a place "serious." (All these examples, by the way, are drawn from the first few pages of Chapter 2 of Sterling's book which contains sixteen chapters, a prologue and an epilogue.)

Some of Sterling's sentences make no sense. An example: "But his sex life would be loudly revealed when he turned up a phonograph to recordings of gunfire and martial music." Another: "The Zombies were the Walking Dead populating the rest of society, recalled from the grave by witchcraft: us." Another: "One alluring glimpse from Suffert and the lid was clamped down again, unmistakably from somewhere above." Other passages demonstrate a certain talent, however, for innuendo by denial: "But Aden is not just another place for young hopefuls to learn how to use a Russian- or Czech-made Kalashnikov assault rifle, say, or the Makarov and Skorpion automatic pistols ideal for assassinations and bank heists." Another: "It was not a combat force, and it didn't meddle with the operational plans of its clientele. The Russians would hardly have expected that, if all they wanted was to keep tabs on a motley ideological crowd." And another: "There is no firm evidence that Fidel Castro ever entrusted Feltrinelli with direct responsibilities or delicate political missions."

A closer examination of this last sentence is instructive in analyzing Sterling's style. If the adjectives were eliminated, it would read: "There is no evidence that Fidel Castro ever entrusted Feltrinelli with responsibilities or missions." That would sum up the information Sterling has gathered. The inclusion of the adjectives, however, implies: (*1*) that there is circumstantial evidence that Castro entrusted Feltrinelli with direct responsibilities and

Aryeh Neier is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

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delicate political missions, or (*2*) that firm evidence shows that Castro entrusted Feltrinelli with indirect responsibilities and indelicate and/or apolitical missions. (Feltrinelli was an Italian publisher who blew himself up while planting a bomb outside Milan.) In short: "There is no firm evidence that Sterling ever stole directly from church poor boxes or sprayed red paint on the holiest church relics."

Sterling is fond of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* reasoning. To conserve space, I cite just one example:

> He formed Solidarité in 1963. But it did not get cracking until 1966, a vintage year. It was in 1966 that the Tricontinental Conference in Havana launched its assault on Western imperialism and, with Soviet blessings, opened an era of international guerrilla warfare. For the next fifteen years, Solidarité perfectly reflected the policies laid down at Havana.

A single example (admittedly, extreme) must also suffice to illustrate Sterling's sinister coincidence reasoning:

> I went to Vienna, and from there to Zurich, and on to Bonn and a half dozen other European capitals [when did Zurich become a capital?], pursuing a trail that led far beyond Italian and German frontiers. The trail grew more and more familiar as I went along, tracking back first on Gabriele and then on her ex-husband, Norbert. Feltrinelli and Curiel crossed it, as well as Carlos and his Palestinian sponsors. So did Tupamaros and the IRA Provisionals, the Red Brigades, the Polisario Front in the western Sahara, and terrorists from at least eight other nations. The Cubans and Russians came and went. Nothing I found along the way pointed to a single master plan. Certain people simply happened to show up in the right place at the right time, again and again.

The only thing missing is the revelation that they all used the same travel agent.

Here is an example of Sterling's insistence on reading a conspiratorial purpose into information that contradicts her conspiracy theory: "Safe from prying eyes and safely distant in geography from Soviet soil, the capital of South Yemen has been used for what might be called the Dirty Tricks Department in international guerrilla warfare." Finally, an example of Sterling's ignorance (in this case, reflecting also the ignorance of her source): "The Palestinians had their uses in that war, he explained, because the homeland they hankered after happened to float on a boundless sea of oil."

Then there are the footnotes. They are plentiful, though most relate to Sterling's less sensational passages. When Sterling documents something, the reference often turns out to be a work by Brian Crozier, Robert Moss, John Barron or Michael Ledeen—apostles of the new cold war, who also like to cite one another—or to some European picture magazine. Perhaps Sterling is acknowledging the skepticism inspired by such sources when a footnote citing a different source asserts (protests?) that, "Dr. Possony of California's Hoover Institute for the Study of War and Peace, is a meticulous scholar." Other footnotes simply refer to "police sources." In a more elaborate version, typical of many, this becomes: "The background story of the Martinez brothers was told to me by two highly placed intelligence sources, neither willing to be quoted but both unmistakably in a position to know. An off-duty C.I.A. analyst in Western Europe confirmed the most cogent details." Presumably, we are meant to believe that this unverifiable information is triply reliable.

When all the adjectives, innuendos, logical fallacies and plain nonsense are cleared away, what is left to substantiate Sterling's conspiracy theory? Precious little. A Czech general who defected to the United States in 1968 is cited as having told Michael Ledeen about plans the Politburo was making in the years prior to his defection. Sterling explains his failure to tell anyone about terrorism previously, even though he was thoroughly debriefed in Washington in 1968, on the ground that no one ever bothered to ask him about terrorism until Ledeen sought him out.

Sterling also attaches much importance to the meticulous Dr. Possony's report that a conference in Havana in 1966 called for a "global revolutionary strategy to counter the global strategy of American imperialism." To the extent that Sterling identifies an arch-conspirator, it is one Boris Ponomariev. Aside from connecting him to terrorist incidents by speculating about what he might be thinking ("Boris Ponomariev, directing the Kremlin's international Communist affairs, could hardly ask for more," is the way she ends one chapter), Sterling reports only two bits of information about Ponomariev. One is that he published an article in *Kommunist* in 1971, cited by Barron and Crozier, arguing that to neglect the New Left would "weaken the anti-imperialist struggle" and closing with the assertion that Communists are "always ready to lead the struggle for the total political power of the working class." This article, according to Sterling, "consecrated" the Kremlin's policy of promoting worldwide terrorism. The other bit of information she gives us about Ponomariev is that, along with Brezhnev, Kosygin, Gromyko and Suslov, he received Yasir Arafat on a visit to Moscow. If there is more than that in

FIGHTING NOVEMBER

Let's get some green
back into the succulents.
We're not ourselves.
If we hood the cactus,
we'll have buds by Christmas.
Hang the geraniums
heads down to drain
like shaggy pheasants
and they'll be good as life
whenever spring comes,
and that's good. What is so much
like plants in our lives
that every moment
has its flower or weed,
from the black orchid
beneath which the girl's pulse
races at the dance
to those all-white bouquets
which would suck the air
from the aged if the night nurse
didn't put them out
by the door, and the aide
drag them with scorn,
or in my case the country violets
from which I gathered
my love and courage? I'll say only
that enough fears slide around
like platelets on the crust
of this crusty earth,
living too, and the particular
is where we live, suffering
the particular, not Life-in-general.
Things said once also count.
Every plant is different,
and every difference is green.

Marvin Bell

Marvin Bell, whose many volumes of poetry include Stars Which See, Stars Which Do Not See, *teaches in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Iowa. This poem will appear in* These-Green-Going-To-Yellow, *to be published in June by Atheneum.*

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Sterling's book to prove that the Soviet Union has conspired to bring down the West by terrorism, it is obscured by her writing.

Claire Sterling begins her book by telling us that "Few of us, in my generation or my children's can easily shake off the belief that Left is always and necessarily Good." She would have us believe that her investigation of "left-wing Red Terrorists" removed the scales from her eyes. My starting place is not the same as Sterling's. As long as I can remember, I have regarded the Soviet Union as among the most evil of regimes because it oppresses its own citizens and subjugates its neighbors and near-neighbors. While I am prepared to think the worst of the Soviet Union, Sterling shows nothing to support the charge that it promotes terrorism. She produces only vapors. □

Papa's Private World

BERNARD OLDSEY

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: Selected Letters, 1917-1961. *Edited by Carlos Baker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 948 pp. $27.50.*

A dying writer in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" realizes that he "had sold vitality, in one form or another, all of his life." The author of that story seems capable of doing the same thing even after life. Ernest Hemingway's career has been extended by a string of posthumous publications, including *A Moveable Feast*, *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway*, *Islands in the Stream* and *The Nick Adams Stories*. Now, twenty years after his suicide, his literary executors have seen fit to publish *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters, 1917-1961*.

It is extremely doubtful that Hemingway would have approved this last publication. After what he considered bad experiences with Lillian Ross (whose profile on him appeared in *The New Yorker*) and Malcolm Cowley (whose "Portrait of Mr. Papa" came out in *Life*), he grew increasingly annoyed with invaders of his privacy. "The writing published in books is what I stand on," he told one critic, "and I would like people to leave my private life the hell alone." As the embodiment of the writer-celebrity, Hemingway should have understood how valuable his letters might prove. In fact, there were times in his correspondence when he at least jokingly considered making use of them, telling Charles Scribner Sr. they were a form of money in the bank. But in 1958, when the pangs of mortality were particularly sharp, Hemingway wrote a note to his executors explicitly stating: "It is my wish that none of the letters written by me during my lifetime shall be published."

Carlos Baker—Hemingway's biographer and the editor of this volume—mentions a number of reasons why he chose to ignore this wish by bringing out almost 600 of an estimated 6,000 letters by Hemingway. He lists the passage of time (those people who might have been hurt are now dead), the fact that some of the letters have slipped into print and the idea that these letters are "documents necessary to the continuing investigation of the life and achievement of one of the giants of twentieth-century American fiction." Having worked with the letters for some fifteen years, Baker has provided the selection with expert annotation as well as an introduction that brings the main lines of Hemingway's life and correspondence into sharp focus.

The letters begin with the youthful Hemingway about to leave home for his first real job, as a cub reporter on the *Kansas City Star*. They end when all the success he ever dreamed of had been achieved, at a time when, mentally and physically ill, he was within weeks of taking his own life. In between, the lines of Hemingway's correspondence spread out widely, reflecting the son, lover, husband, father, budding journalist, wounded war veteran, foreign correspondent, novelist, sportsman, bullfight expert and semimilitarist. They tell a story that covers four continents, three wars, four wives, three sons and friends who included Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, James Joyce and Archibald MacLeish.

In his letters, Hemingway is always to be found inviting someone down, or out, to join him in some activity; he is always announcing plans, providing advice, counting up the number of words he has written, keeping tabs on his weight and blood pressure, courting one of his new "womens," or providing support for a previous wife and his children. In many ways these letters buttress MacLeish's assessment of Hemingway: "He was one of the most human and spiritually powerful creatures I have ever known. The only other man as much present in a room as Ernest was FDR and I am not excepting Churchill."

As even the most cursory glance through this volume will show, however, the letters were not selected to present Hemingway in the best possible light. A number of them—with the peculiar spellings they incorporate, and certain grammatical errors—make the writer seem semiliterate. Still others are self-serving, duplicitous, sniggering and downright nasty; they will dismay fans and provide detractors with powerful ammunition. One of these, for example, crows about a beating that Hemingway supposedly administered to poet Wallace Stevens: "I knocked him down several times. . . . I have promised not to tell anybody and the official story is that Mr. Stevens fell down a

Bernard Oldsey teaches American literature at West Chester State College, and is the author of Hemingway's Hidden Craft *(Penn State University Press).*

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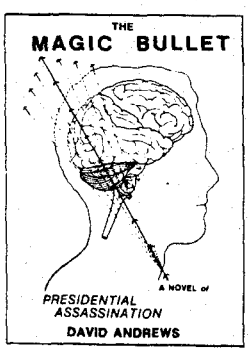

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stairs. . . . But can assure you there is no one like Mr. Stevens to go down in a spectacular fashion especially into a large puddle of water."

Another letter, in the lowest taste possible and in the form of a perverted self-prophecy, denigrates James Jones and *From Here to Eternity*: "He has a genius for respecting the terms of the kitchen and he is a K.P. boy for keeps and for always. Things will catch up with him and he will probably commit suicide. . . . If you give him a literary tea you might ask him to drain a bucket of snot." Exceptions though they may be, letters like these crop up during various periods of Hemingway's life, indicating psychotic tremblings that professionals could probably identify as a specific syndrome.

If for the most part the letters form a rough biography, in some places they act as a writer's notebook. Writing to one of his youthful friends, Hemingway produced what amounts to a remarkably accurate outline for "A Very Short Story":

> had a very sad letter from Ag [Agnes von Kurowsky] from Rome yesterday. She has fallen out with her Major. . . . I loved her once and then she gypped me. And I don't blame her. But I set out to cauterize out her memory and I burnt it out with a course of booze and other women and now it's gone.

Again, some thirty years before the publication of *A Moveable Feast* (which expands on many of the letters found here), Hemingway predicted that "By jeesus [I] will write my own memoirs sometime when I can't write anything else. And they will be funny and accurate and not out to prove anything."

Besides previewing certain works, the letters often reveal elements of personal or artistic concern that went into the crucible of literary production. It becomes apparent, for example, that *A Farewell to Arms* was written under the influence of two great losses in Hemingway's life—that of his first wife through divorce (when Hemingway considered suicide at an early age), and that of his father (who preceded him in committing suicide). Hemingway also indicates that *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, with its omniscient crosscutting, was for him something of a tour de force: "I don't like writing like God," he confided to his editor Max Perkins. "It is only because you never do it, though, that the critics think you can't do it."

In this same letter, Hemingway reveals that he prepared an epilogue for that novel, taking the story past where the protagonist is killed, and tying up all the loose ends of the plot. "Should I put on the epilogue?" he asks Perkins. "Or would it just be grand manner writing and take you away from the emotion that the book ends on?" (Scholars have never been able to reach an answer, since the epilogue is one of the few manuscripts that have not shown up in the collected papers at the Kennedy Library.)

Hemingway's devotion to his craft becomes most apparent and significant in the letters. Through all the turmoil and vicissitudes of his life, he showed an ability to remain constant in his determination to write the very best he could. As he told Perkins, nothing of his was "any good until it's been rewritten several times." And as he told Charles Scribner Sr., "It's a hell of a thing for me to get anything over five hundred [words] down in a day. Then at the end of the week I always add them up so that I can think even if I am a no good son of a bitch I wrote, say, 3500 words this week."

This same devotion to craft made Hemingway conclude there were other enemies to watch out for besides booze, "womens" and personal tendencies toward tragic self-pity. When told by a minor publisher, Paul Romaine, that he should make his fiction more partisan on behalf of the masses, Hemingway replied, "I do not follow the fashions in politics, letters, religion, etc. If the boys swing to the left in literature you may make a small bet the next swing will be to the right and some of the yellow bastards will swing both ways. There is

TRAVEL REPORT

Just before dawn, when the crows practice
Their four-noted alarm, sometimes managing
A brief chorus in unison, a last coolness
Leaves the skin and the heat moves in to stay.
Equipped with ceiling fans of indifferent
Manufacture, the only hotel commands a view
Of the gray dirt, coarse as salt, merging
Unidentifiably with the yellow sky. At first
It seems a mistake to be here, and tourists
Line up at the information office, demanding
Explanations from a clerk who shrugs in sympathy.

Not even the guards care any longer
About immigrants who wander over this country's
Labyrinthine borders, but emigration is strictly
Controlled by bribe. The indigenous lizards
Dwell mostly underground, and are losing their
Keen sight and smell, their violent colors.
Under the old rulers, a pantheon of deities
Was worshipped, but the real god is the sun,
Hereditary and ubiquitous. By afternoon,
There is little to do except perfect the language,
Spoken slowly and with difficulty.

This is a turned land, where people flee
From contact with each other, and love, like plague
Is avoided, the contagion of contiguity.
None of the residents is anxious to leave, however,
And tourists, after a month or two, seem resigned
To their location, often giving up jobs and homes,
Sinking into this country's welcoming languor.
The only road leads toward smaller, hotter countries.

William Logan

William Logan's poems have been published in Poetry *and many other journals. This poem will appear in* Sad-Faced Man, *a collection forthcoming this month from David Godine.*

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o left and right in writing. There is on- y good and bad writing."

The man who wrote these letters may e interesting and vital, even something f a pop legend, but it is the man who harpened modern English to a fine oint, and with it fashioned *The Sun lso Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms* and a ozen of the best short stories in the language, who really counts. He knew he was much better in his writing than he was at life. In one of his last letters, to Bernard Berenson, Hemingway wrote, "Since trip to Italy have been studying the life of Dante. Seems to be one of the worst jerks that ever lived, but how well he could write. This may be a lesson for us all." □

Beneath the 'Kid Gloves'

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

OO LONG A SACRIFICE: Life and Death in Northern Ireland Since 1969. By Jack Holland. Dodd, Mead & Company. 217 pp. Illustrated. $10.95.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from an Irish Republican hunger striker. It was written in minute characters on a single sheet of lavatory paper, as if to dramatize the ghastly excremental character of the "dirty protest." Opening with a salutation in Gaelic, the letter went on to invoke all the cries of Irish freedom and most of the modern rhetoric of human rights. The author did not protest that he had been wrongly convicted but he did demand to be treated as "a prisoner of war." Before replying, I decided to find out what he was "in for." After days of pestering the unlovely bureaucracy that governs Northern Ireland virtually in secret, I extracted a reply. The man had been imprisoned for shooting a policewoman in the back in Derry (or "Londonderry," as the police authority called it). He was probably convicted by a nonjury court.

If I have read Jack Holland's book right, this is the sort of episode, fraught with contradiction and irony, that he most appreciates. Brought up in Belfast, he retains a strong sense of its intense and local character, and he has the faculty of conveying it to the reader. He describes the years before the "troubles," when Ulster was John Bull's political slum. Vote-fixing, discrimination and corruption were backed up by a sectarian police force. Ancient hatreds dominated politics and were used to set the poorest against one another. This is an old story, but Holland finds a way of telling it afresh.

In particular, he displays uncommon insight into the mentality of the Protestants, that stubborn community whose ruling myths and social character are unmatched in Europe. It takes generosity as well as intelligence to write about the historic foe in the way that Holland does, and this in itself might be enough to recommend his book. Far too much American comment ignores the schizoid dilemma of the Unionists in favor of simplistic patter about "the Brits." Holland knows the wrinkles of Ulster too well for that.

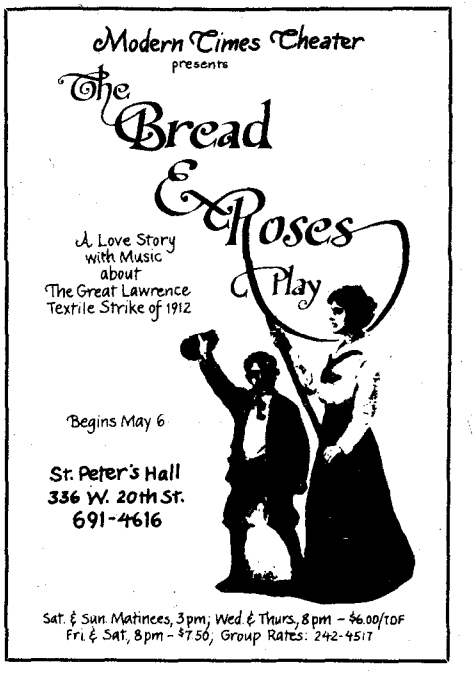
It is a pleasure, too, to find somebody quoting that goddamn Yeats poem in an appropriate way. "Too long a sacrifice," you will recall, "can make a stone of the heart." Holland shows the power of the Easter 1916 legend to move the Catholic population. But he also shows how that population clings to the essential decencies and penalizes the Irish Republican Army when it oversteps humane bounds. Bobby Sands had to run a "humanitarian" campaign rather than a political one in order to secure his fluke vote. The I.R.A. can never be quite uprooted, because it is the consolation of a defeated people. But its support and its "credibility" fluctuate markedly—Ulster people have minds of their own.

The central fact of Northern Ireland is not its "colonial" status but its presence as one of the four provinces of the United Kingdom. As Holland points out in his excellent chapters on the "law and order" aspect, this puts the forces of the Crown in a dilemma. They are expected to combat an insurgency, mounted by that section of the population that has no civic, political, or religious loyalty to the state. But they are, theoretically, bound by British law on the liberty of the subject. This forms a limitation on their ability to act, and gives rise to an ugly delusion on the right that the war is being fought with "kid gloves."

Well, as Holland shows, the kid gloves are difficult to detect if you actually live there. As an Englishman brought up since Nuremberg, I found it impossible to read his section on the "five techniques" of British Army interrogation (there is a sixth one, too, as Holland shows) without a strong sensation of disgust and rage, enhanced if anything by the restraint he shows in setting out the facts. Briefly, the British Army has borrowed, refined and codified the psychological torture methods of the K.G.B. To this grim little armory it has added a dimension of physical pressure, derived from experience in colonial wars fought against black and brown people. And government ministers not only knew of, but actually authorized, this nightmare on what they claim is British soil. I thought I knew this well enough, but Holland amasses new material and organizes existing evidence in an original way.

It would be easy, and it must have been tempting, for Holland to go on from this to adopt a straightforward Republican line. But he doesn't do so. He is opposed to the Provisionals and their lethal sentimentality. He is critical of the "Officials" for their Stalinist politics and their hypocrisy about violence. He is impatient with the diet of clichés and distortions that is the birthright of every Irishman. In the end, he does come out for British withdrawal. I wish that he had been more specific about the conditions under which this might happen, and a bit more candid about how bloody a post-British Ireland might be. But in showing how the British have exhausted their right to rule the place, he makes as good a case as I have ever read. □

Christopher Hitchens is visiting associate editor of The Nation.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Waiting for Skylab 10

DANIEL M. KLEIN

THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL HEALTH LETTER BOOK. *Edited by G. Timothy Johnson, M.D., and Stephen E. Goldfinger, M.D. Harvard University Press. 444 pp. $15.95.*

This book is a comprehensive, clearly written and sensibly organized lay reference work about the myriad ingenious ways the human body can fall apart and the possible preventive measures and remedies available to the concerned mortal. Illustrated with easy-to-understand diagrams of arteries clogging up with fat deposits and ulcerating duodena, it is the kind of volume that makes one yearn for a quick and painless end, preferably late at night via an errant shard of Skylab 10. There is little hope in these pages. The book is a paradigm of cautious, conservative, orthodox medical advice. Surely, it will not have half the mass appeal of *Dr. Atkins' Nutrition Breakthrough: How to Treat Your Medical Condition Without Drugs*, or *Earl Mindell's Vitamin Bible*. And it is precisely because of such books that editors Johnson and Goldfinger have put theirs together.

For many years, conventional doctors viewed so-called "alternative" medical therapists—the proponents of Laetrile and vitamin B-15, holistic organ massage and the twelve-day fast—with little more than bemusement. Shown urine specimens that virtually glowed with excreted megadoses of B complex, they made jokes about Americans having the most expensive pee in the world. But, gradually, it became clear that the new quackery was not just a quirk; it represented a growing popular disenchantment with established medical practice. As vitamin sales soared and eccentric therapists surfaced around the country like herpes, the prestige of M.D.s dropped for the first time in American history below that of lawyers. In pop fiction, the dedicated, idealistic physicians of *Not as a Stranger* were replaced by the money-grubbing madmen of *Coma*. Steve McQueen's "miracle" cancer curist was given equal time on the *Today* show; much worse, two-time Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling went public with his claim that the American Cancer Society was willfully ignoring his research on the benefits of vitamins A and C cancer therapy.

Soon there were signs of an orthodox medicine backlash. Posters appeared on the waiting-room walls of M.D.s' offices warning that Laetrile was an expensive, totally ineffective substance, not a proven scientific treatment, and in their consultation rooms, physicians no longer joked about megavitamins but gave stern admonitions about toxic reactions to overdoses of A, D and E. And then, inevitably, medical doctors took to the press and television with their message that there is absolutely no substitute for proper medical information and care. The alternative medicine men retorted that the M.D.s and their co-conspirators, the pharmaceutical companies, were just worrying about business. The M.D.s said that they were worried about our health.

G. Timothy Johnson, M.D., lecturer in medicine at Harvard Medical School and editor of the monthly *Health Letter*, from which *THMSHLB* is assembled, is pre-eminent among the orthodox doctors who are using the mass media to repopularize the conventional medical point of view. Johnson is perfect for the role. Warm and soft-spoken, he does not blush at capitalizing on his natural, old-fashioned-doc image by hosting his Emmy-award-winning television series, *Update on Health*, from a country kitchen set. Nor do the creators of the *Health Letter*'s "Medical Myth" advertising campaign balk at hyping their product in a style worthy of *Prevention Magazine*. They are, after all, fighting for our lives.

Dr. Johnson and his Harvard colleagues explode medical myths—"People who are 'hyper' are much more likely to develop hypertension"; "The more vitamins you take, the better they are for you"—with documented medical facts. They dispense only unalloyed, completely researched medical truth. Admirable, but their caution can be exhausting at times. Take the summary at the conclusion of their section on exercise, in which they reply to the question, "Does appropriate exercise 'pay' in preventing heart attacks?":

> The only honest answer to that question is that *there is yet no evidence to answer that question completely* [italics theirs]. However, several lines of suggestive evidence have emerged in recent years to "explain" the possible benefits of cardiovascular exercise. For example, several studies have now documented that exercise of the level described above leads to higher levels of HDL—or "good"—cholesterol. . . . More recently, researchers have discovered that persons who exercise regularly may have an increased ability to destroy blood clots which might cause serious blockage in the arteries supplying blood to the heart or brain. Again, final evidence is not in. But we endorse the position of the American Heart Association—that it is "prudent" to exercise regularly.

At other times, their conservatism belies an undercurrent of anger at pop therapies. In their dietary recommendations for raising one's level of "good" cholesterol, they say:

> Cold water fish seem to raise the level of HDL, as do garlic, brewer's yeast, and lecithin—but then so do chlorinated pesticides, which are hardly recommended in the diet. As yet, *no evidence warrants a faddish use of any food or substance* [italics theirs] to alter HDL-cholesterol levels.

Gratuitous, that. By their own standards, eating garlic would seem no less "prudent" than jogging.

Yet in all, the *Health Letter Book* does offer a welcome antidote to the false hopes proffered by the Dr. Atkinses and Earl Mindells of the medical-book world. It is a sobering book, one that should be read with a single glass of whiskey (good for HDL; but more than two ounces decreases life expectancy) in hand. And it is not without its comic moments: the penultimate section of the book is titled "Dying"; the final section is called "Evaluating Medical Information." □

Daniel M. Klein is the author of Embryo, *a medical thriller recently published by Doubleday, which will bring out his second novel,* Wavelengths, *next year.*

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Rockaby

Samuel Beckett's writing long ago reached a point where one could scarcely expect it to get any sparer, more concentrated, or, for that matter, shorter. Not for more than fifteen years has he produced a work remotely fitting our definition of "full-length," and this is true of his fiction as

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well as his theater pieces. Since the early 1960s, the former has consisted of exercises of no more than five pages (some are as short as a single page), while the theatrical writing, as well as that for radio and television, has been made up of tiny, precisely choreographed and physically stripped playlets, or "dramaticules," as he calls some of them.

But in Beckett's case, length isn't the consideration it usually is in the literary and theatrical worlds, or should I say the publishing and producing universes, where writers of short stories are pressed to do novels and writers of short plays are informed that there's no market for their work, since nobody is going to pay for even a "delightful" or "important" twenty minutes or so at the theater. Beckett is a master of literature and drama, perhaps *the* master since Joyce and Brecht, and he can get away with anything. While nearly everybody else moves toward size—the "big" novel, the "major" play—he seems to proceed steadily in the opposite direction, toward quiddities and beyond, toward the vanishing point.

Of course, he stops just short of that, so close, though, that you can hear the silence on the other side. *Rockaby* is about the same length as his other recent works for the theater or TV or radio, the pieces collected in *Ends and Odds*, for instance. It's about fifteen minutes long in performance, the reason, I imagine, why it isn't getting a regular commercial production, but instead is being sponsored by various universities. It had its premiere at the State University of New York at Buffalo on April 8, marking Beckett's seventy-fifth birthday (a celebration was held). It then played for three performances (I saw the middle one) at La MaMa under the sponsorship of New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture, afterward moving to the State University at Purchase, New York. I don't have a clear idea of what will be happening with it next, but it isn't likely that anyone reading this will be able to see it for some time to come.

And that's a pity. For *Rockaby* is a marvelously beautiful piece of work, for all that it barely exists, which may be just the point. Against all the noise that assails us, the words that continuously wash over us, in life and in art, here is something minuscule, austere, essentially unseductive and remote. It is so disinterested that it makes you feel—if it's possible to say this about a work presumably intended to affect audiences—first, just sufficiently fed and, then, not like a target but an eavesdropper, a privileged one.

Like so much of Beckett's work for a long time now, *Rockaby* "concerns" death or, rather, dying. I put "concerns" in quotation marks because the word isn't at all accurate to describe what the play is doing, but no other word from *Roget's* would be of any more use. This little play, reminiscent in certain ways of *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Not I*, isn't *about* death or dying so much as it's a distillation of, an almost pure utterance from, a condition of contemplation of, finiteness, finality. One more variation on Beckett's overriding theme, or obsession, it forges a voice to speak into the silence, that voice which is all we have to hold off, for as long as we can, oblivion and the end of it all.

On a rocking chair a woman sits, an old woman dressed in an old-fashioned long black dress with shiny black spangles and a high collar, a little black toque on her head. She starts to rock while a voice on tape (clearly her own) speaks, or rather softly intones a re-

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capitulation and threnody. "Close of a long day," it begins, and proceeds to review a life and prepare for its end. In the kind of symphonic movement familiar to us from Beckett's earlier work, most notably *Not I* and *Happy Days*, certain phrases occur, are dropped and are picked up again: "going to and fro"; "time she stopped"; "all eyes, all sides, high and low"; "another like herself . . . a little like."

The voice speaks of her having been seated by the window, "her window . . . facing other windows . . . other only windows . . . all blinds down . . . hers alone up." It is as though she is the only one still alive, or perhaps the only one still willing to look out at the world in search of another. The voice talks of her mother, who it seems died in the same chair after having "gone off her head . . . but harmless." Two or three times the voice stops, and the woman in the chair croaks "more" and the tape resumes. Finally the life and the play run down, the head begins slowly to droop, the chin falls on the chest, the eyes close and the spotlight goes out.

Rockaby is directed by Alan Schneider and performed by Billie Whitelaw, a British actress undeservedly little known in this country. She has had a great deal of experience in Beckett plays and seems to me a perfect interpreter of his subtle, uncompromising intentions. To fill out the evening, Whitelaw reads a story by Beckett called "Enough," a lamentation by a very old man. Though not one of Beckett's finest works, it is more than adequate for this purpose. The reading takes about twenty minutes; the whole program, with intermission, lasts about an hour. Was what we had seen and heard drama? As I walked out, under a spell, it didn't occur to me to ask. □

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FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Nighthawks
Voyage en Douce

Though Presidents of the United States are shot, or shot at, so frequently that the event can scarcely be called unusual, the assault on Ronald Reagan is probably unique. As far as we know (the motive for killing President Kennedy remains obscure) all previous assailants have alleged a grievance against the Chief Executive, whereas John Hinckley fired on Mr. Reagan in an attempt to win the "respect and love" of Jodie Foster, an actress whom he had never met. At least that was what he wrote her was his intent. The exploit presumably seemed to him appropriate because Foster had played a supporting role in *Taxi Driver*, the film in which Robert De Niro got himself up as an Iroquois brave and went stalking a public figure whose identity I now forget.

I doubt, though, that Foster's favorable regard was Hinckley's true motive, for had it been, there were more cogent ways to persuade her of his ardor. He could, for example, have gone on a hunger strike at the entrance to her Yale University lodgings. But a gesture of that sort would not have stopped the presses, caused the TV networks to scrap their afternoon schedules, or won Hinckley a permanent, though minor, place in the annals of the year 1981. What he wanted was nothing so specific as to be noticed favorably by Foster—he wanted the attention of the world. And, for all his raging against vice and corruption, that is what Travis Bickle, the De Niro character in *Taxi Driver*, wanted; why else would he have got himself up in war paint and scalp lock before going hunting in Columbus Circle?

The desire to be noticed is endemic in the race and has inspired insignificant men to bizarre exploits down the ages. Simeon Stylites spent much of his life on the top of a pillar in the fifth century A.D., and in my youth you could scarcely open a newspaper without learning that yet another aspirant to immortality had taken residence on a flagpole. One Christmas during World War II, an acquaintance of mine, a junior officer languishing in obscurity in London, commandeered an air force plane and flew a consignment of toys to Paris. And there has never been a time when tourists, haunted by their anonymity, have refrained from carving their initials in the sandstone of great monuments.

But we live in eventful, not to say melodramatic, times, and it becomes increasingly difficult to attract wide attention by committing fatuous acts. If you were to drive a car in reverse from New York City to Los Angeles (I believe something of the sort has been attempted), the feat might, on a slow night, gain you forty-five seconds on the 7 o'clock news. That is hardly fame. Even unprovoked murder, the supremely gratuitous act, does not guarantee notoriety unless the victim is celebrated or the deed is repeated sufficiently often to cause general alarm. That last, most terrible bid for immortality brings me to a current picture, *Nighthawks*, which is being promoted with the slogan, "One man can bring the world to its knees and only one man can stop him."

Neither assertion is strictly true, but the men in question are a terrorist who goes by the somewhat Wagnerian name of Wulfgar (Rutger Hauer) and a New York City cop (Sylvester Stallone) who refuses on principle—thought by some of his colleagues to be excessively scrupulous—to fire his revolver in a rush-hour subway car or other place of crowded public assembly. The film is directed by David Shaber from a script he wrote with Paul Sylbert. It is a polished thriller, one that moves from New York to London to Paris and back to New York for a climax in one of the cable cars that connect Manhattan and Roosevelt Island. Billy Dee Williams is Stallone's faithful partner (another instance of a black actor playing Tonto to a white actor's Lone Ranger), and Persis Khambatta, recently of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, is present with a full head of hair and a zealot's glassy stare.

Wulfgar goes about exploding bombs and firing advanced weaponry, killing at random I have no idea how many people. He must do this, he says, to call attention to the suffering of the downtrodden masses. However, he says that only once, for national TV; on other occasions, after committing an outrage, he phones one of the news

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nedia to boast that Wulfgar has struck again and cannot be stopped.

Films of this sort, for all their verisimilitude and canny topicality (international terrorism is the designated menace of the Reagan Administration), are in essence fantasies, capable of stimulating the most malign of Walter Mitty dreams. In the case of *Nighthawks*, one is no doubt supposed to identify with the intrepid and punctilious cop, but here and there in the audience will be individuals who fancy themselves in the Wulfgar role, who will sweat with pleasure when Hauer forces Stallone to announce that New York, if not the world, has been brought to its knees. *Nighthawks* has nothing to say about the causes of international terrorism or the measures, other than ruthless counterviolence, that might be taken to end it. It is pure sensation, the spectacle of a handsome young man spilling blood for personal glory.

I am not persuaded that ours is a uniquely violent age; seventeenth-century London was hardly the Forest of Arden. But the incidence of senseless murders—which, however, make powerful sense to the murderers—is alarmingly high. It is said that those who commit them tend to be rootless young men who brood on their solitary state. If it should turn out that they are also addicted to movies about murder for self-esteem, I would not be surprised. The danger in *Nighthawks* is not clear and present, so it must be let run its course. But that is not to say that it has any redeeming social value, or that we won't be somewhat safer when it disappears from the screen.

Dominique Sanda (Hélène) and Geraldine Chaplin (Lucie) appear in Michel Deville's *Voyage en Douce* as married women in their 30s whose friendship takes on deeper meaning when they discover a shared dissatisfaction with their respective husbands that verges on repugnance. They are unable to locate the springs of this antipathy, other than to agree that their spouses offend by being members of the male sex, a crude and unenterprising species. However, the aversion is as acute as it is ill-defined, and they decide on the spur of the moment to refresh themselves with a brief holiday in the south of France, there to exchange confidences and to find Hélène a house for the summer.

A place suitable for Hélène and her family (she has two children) is soon rented, and the companions are free to explore the countryside and each other. They tell stories from their past, for the most part tales of doubtful veracity that bear on their sexual exploits and mishaps. They put up at charming inns, where they push the beds together and lie about admiring each other's bodies. There is a distinctly lesbian cast to this languorous behavior, but it never goes beyond the expectation, the nearest approach to overt sex between the two being a scene in which Hélène photographs Lucie in progressively more revealing and abandoned poses. It is an exercise in seduction by camera that reminded me of a similar passage in Antonioni's *Blow-Up*.

All this teasing has its effect on the two of them, and one morning they seize upon a young oaf of a waiter who has brought them breakfast, arousing him by suggestions and caresses so explicit that he flees the room in panic, followed by their derisive laughter. At another time, following Lucie's account of an alleged rape in a parking lot, Hélène bursts out with, "All men are closet rapists." After this somewhat broad generalization and the earlier scapegoating of the boy at the inn, I began to wonder if a week of letting their hair down in the Midi could do much for the marriages of Hélène and Lucie, and in fact they return to Paris as glum as they were on leaving it. Their husbands are no doubt much to blame, but then we see only one of them and little enough of him.

Sanda and Chaplin are handsome women and experienced actresses. In *Voyage en Douce* they dawdle and gossip through the sunshine of southern France in clothes they had packed in haste and almost at random, but which look like items from the spring collection of a Faubourg St.-Honoré fashion show. Visually, the film is thus all that one could ask, but dramatically it is sadly insufficient. It goes nowhere and resolves nothing. Deville, who wrote his own script, asked some fifteen writers, male and female, to assist him by contributing anecdotes appropriate to his theme of sexual disillusionment. These he incorporated into his text, as either present incidents or tales from the past. The effect, which I should have thought predictable, is of a series of grafts that will not adhere. Sanda and Chaplin stumble from one not very droll tale to another, unable to generate any sustained momentum for, and only occasional interest in, their vacillating progress through some excellent scenery. □

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OLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1866

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■	B	■	S	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	G	■
D	R	A	W	■	R	I	V	E	R	■	K	E	Y	S
■	I	■	H	■	F	■	E	■	B	■	L	■	R	■
A	D	M	I	R	A	L	■	C	A	V	E	M	A	N
■	G	■	T	■	R	■	P	■	R	■	■	■	T	■
C	E	M	E	T	E	R	Y	■	A	S	H	E	E	T
■	■	■	A	■	■	■	L	■	■	■	A	■	■	■
G	O	S	S	I	P	■	O	L	D	G	L	O	R	Y
■	X	■	■	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	F	■	E	■
M	A	R	T	I	A	N	■	I	N	C	H	I	N	G
■	L	■	R	■	S	■	S	■	D	■	I	■	A	■
T	I	M	E	■	A	F	T	E	R	■	T	I	M	E
■	S	■	V	■	N	■	U	■	O	■	C	■	E	■
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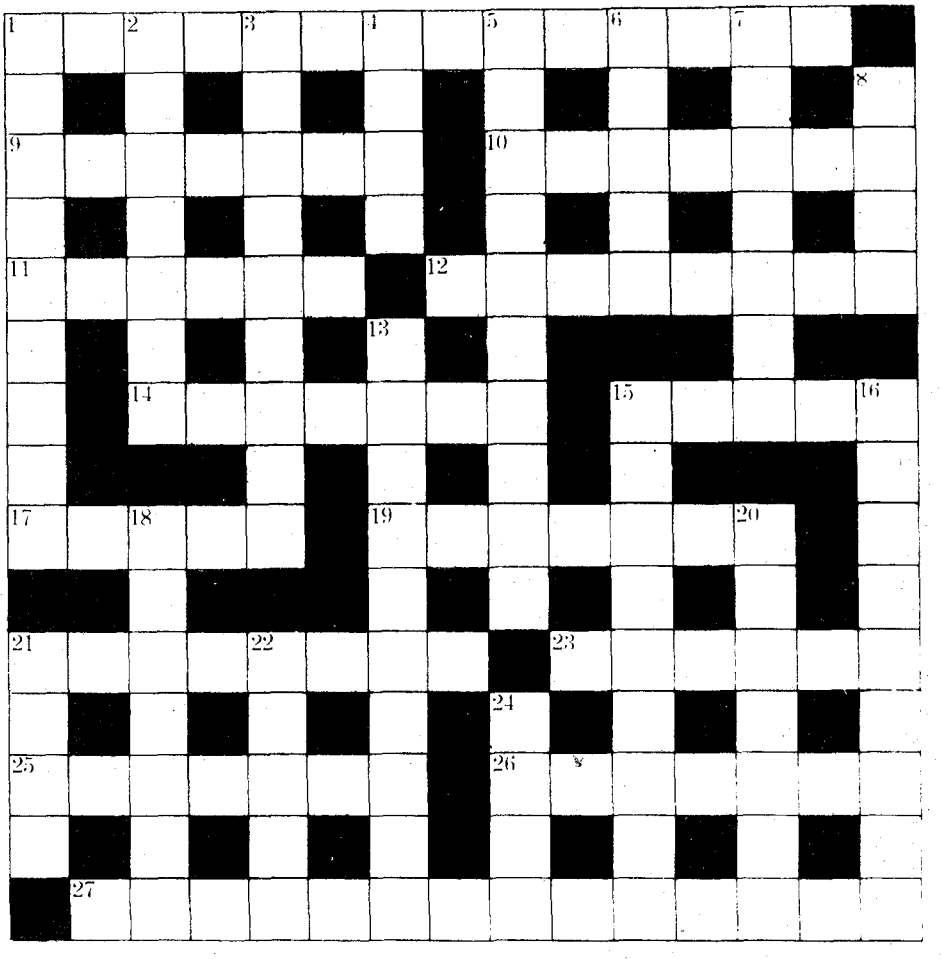
Crossword Puzzle No. 1867

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not hosing down the family car—it's probably followed by drier utilization. (7,7)
9 Someone like Ananias comes back with the procedure to make tracks on this line. (7)
10 They used to carry sets of little animals, as a certain type of "bug" now does. (7)
11 What you may make ring, as they say, with the animal, in victory. (6)
12 See 4 down
14 A pinch's enough, perhaps, for anyone but the well-known sailor. (7)
15 What they did to the joint, put up in boxes. (5)
17 This may make the Scotch better, but some of us don't like to be using silver with a gin sling. (5)
19 Miss Farrow is not quite tiny, but some get hot and bothered by such things. (7)
21 Make-up before the fight, not afterwards! (3,5)
23 and 3 down They're usually in attendence during court proceedings, even though they sound like car-hops. (6,2,7)
25 Not the time for spilling the beans—you may lose quite a bit through it. (7)
26 The young Paderewski, for example—not yet a big frog in the puddle. (7)
27 Two points push down on the circle with a little company getting loud; payment for services rendered, and a stimulating drink. (8,6)

DOWN

1 and 21 It might describe what a probate lawyer does—as any dedicated laborer might. (4,4,1,4)
2 His sled gets cracked up, despite the protective devices. (7)
3 See 23 across
4 and 12 across Ropes, perhaps, connected with children's toys based on Runyon characters. (4,3,5)
5 Very tired with a great deal—with a pile-up this way. (3,2,1,4)
6 Death is bad enough, but to be so disliked! (5)
7 Born to have trouble with 2, but not his trouble—perhaps because they have only one eye. (7)
8 Is twice worshiped by some old people. (4)
13 Mad scramble in flags—pointers are supposed to have them. (3,7)
15 You'll find little company with this mean sort of dog—so shuttle back and forth. (4,3,2)
16 A barrier to a part of the act—like certain swords. (9)
18 A form of sadiron made b, predatory types. (7)
20 No longer on the payroll, if a fold is made. (4,3)
21 See 1 down
22 Notice the tune that sometimes goes with "Robin"? (5)
24 The emperor used to getting up and down? (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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